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THE ANGEL VISITANT.

BY HAP HAZARD.

I slept! and down the slanting way
Of moonbeams streaming on the floor,
An angel band, in bright array,
Came trooping in. They hovering o'er
My bed, one knelt and prayed alone.
As slumbers silver in the light,
With changeful countenances bright,
Her drooping white wings shone.

With folded hands upon her breast,
Where sat enthroned Purity,
And upraised eyes, whose holy rest
Proclaimed the spirit's constancy,
A Guardian Angel bowing low
She seemed; and, banishing the gloom,
A light celestial filled the room,
From her seraphic brow.

I woke! Aslant the moonbeams streamed
Still, through the casement, on the floor;
A pearly haze of radiance seemed
To fill the chamber as before.
And one there knelt beside my bed
Whose tranquil brow and vestments white,
Bathed in the flood of mellow light,
A halo round her shed.

But this all unattended knelt—
The angel band had sped them thence;
And though the same calm hush dwelt
In her meek eyes' upturned glance,
And still remained the saintly grace,
Yet this the silver wings had lost,
But (what the other could not boast,
She wore my mother's face!

Dashing Dick:

OR,

TRAPPER TOM'S CASTLE.

BY OLL COOMBS.

AUTHOR OF "OLD HURRICANE," "TAWKEY HARRY,"
"BOY SPT.," "IRONSIDER, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-
NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE MYSTERY OF LAKE CASTLE.

In the heart of an extensive forest, and com-
passed by wooded bluffs and stony cliffs, slum-
bered the placid waters of Clear Lake. There
were beaten paths converging there from differ-
ent directions through the woods, along which
for ages, perhaps, the shaggy bison and stately
buck had come to slake their thirst and have
their sweltering forms in the cool, limpid wa-
ter, without fear of man.

The great prairies were the pasture-fields of
these immense herds, over which they roamed
undisturbed, while in the forest the stealthy
panther and cowardly wolf sought their prey.

But at length the red-man pushed his con-
quests into the West, and pitched his wigwam
upon the margin of the lake and the shores of
the rivers; and then he became lord of the
land. Here then, in all his characteristic glory,
he reigned supreme—hunted the deer in the
woods, the bison upon the plain, and took the
fish from the waters; and, too, he wooed his
dusky mate and took her for his slave. He basked
his form in the suns of winter, and lolled be-
neath the forest shades of summer, dreaming of
naught else than savage bliss and glory, until
they were finally startled from their dreams by
a strange noise echoing through the forest.

It was the crack of the white man's rifle.
The foot of the invader was upon their shores.

The pale-face had at last pushed across the
Father of Waters, and had come to contend
with the red-men, as had their forefathers con-
tended with the Huron, the Mohawk, the Iro-
quois and the Delaware.

The tomahawk and scalping-knife was now
sharpened; and the bows strung anew. The old
spirit of savage vengeance, which for a while
had been nursed in indolent bliss and repose,
was once more aroused, and the spiteful crack
of the invader's rifle was answered by the de-
fiant war-whoop of the savage.

And so, a summer sun of the year 18—had
just sunk behind the western hills, when two
men paused on the eastern shore of Clear Lake
and gazed out upon the smooth, pulseless bo-
som of the little sheet.

Both were white men, and, as their garbs and
weapons denoted, both were bordermen. One
was an elderly man, the other young. The for-
mer was about fifty years of age, but then time
had made but little inroad on the strong and
healthy physique of this man, whose whole life
had been spent upon the border, and had be-
come hardened to its privations and exposures.
His features were somewhat angular, as was also
his powerful form. His eyes were of a soft
brown, his hair and whiskers gray.

This individual was known throughout that
section of the West as Trapper Tom. His com-
panion was a man not over five and twenty
years of age. In form he was a little above the
medium height, with muscular limbs, wide
shoulders and swelling chest. His eyes were of
a dark-gray color and keen as the hawk's. His
head, which showed both intellectuality and
force of character, was covered with a growth
of raven-black hair that hung far down his
back. Withal he was a handsome man, whose
general expression was that of a brave, yet
wild, dashing, reckless spirit.

Both of these men were dressed in buck-skin
garments, whose style harmonized with their
age and general character. That of Trapper
Tom was plain, well made, and well polished
with long use; while that of his companion
was neat and clean, and ornamented in a man-
ner that lent an additional grace to his dashing
spirit and movements.

"Thar, Dick," said Trapper Tom, as they
paused on the edge of the lake, "we're arriv'
at Clear Lake, and if you'll jist look hereaways,
you'll see Lake Castle."

Dashing Dick, as the young borderman was
called, looked in the direction indicated and
saw a small, conical-shaped stone building
standing out in the center of the little lake.

"Ah, yes," replied the young man, "I see it;
and so there is where you, Trapper Tom, live in
defiance to Red Falcon and his host?"

"Yas, that's Lake Castle, where I've lived fur
two years, and the devil got every red-skin that



"Thar, Dick," said Trapper Tom; "if you'll jist look hereaways, you'll see Lake Castle."

ventured in gun-shot o' the fortress," replied the
old trapper, with a chuckle. "No, siree, Dick,
a red foe has never seed inside o' Lake Castle,
nor a white 'un, either. I'm thunderin' particu-
lar who I take into it."

"You may regret taking me there," replied
Dashing Dick, with a jocular laugh.
"Nay, nay, Dick," responded the trapper;
"I'm too good a judge o' human nater to think
you'd ever go back on me. Besides, I've hearn
too much o' Dashin' Dick, not to know he's the
true blue and a royal good feller."

"Thanks, Trapper Tom, for the compliment.
It was to avail myself of the honor of being a
guest of Trapper Tom, at his famous Lake Cas-
tle, that brought me all of twenty weary leagues
from the southward."

"Then you shan't be disappointin', Dick.
Come, and we'll soon be within the walls of the
Castle."

I will here remark that Trapper Tom and
Dashing Dick had met for the first time that
day. Each was unknown to the other, save by
reputation, but within an hour after they met,
they became as familiar as though they had
known each other for years. Trapper Tom in-
vited Dick to share his retreat with him that
night, and the young hunter accepted. In fact,
Dashing Dick had brought about that meeting
so as to gain admission to Lake Castle. A mys-
tery connected with the stronghold of this old
trapper he had determined to solve if possible.

It required but a few minutes' paddling to
reach the trapper's home. The structure was
oblong in shape, built entirely of stone, and
covering a space perhaps twenty feet long by
twelve in width. It had been erected upon a
sand island, and so close to the water all around
that the waves washed its basement stones. It
had been well put together, its construction dis-
playing no little mechanical skill. In front of
the door was a stone platform, extending out
into the water some ten feet. Tom paddled
his canoe alongside of this, and landed thereon.
He was immediately followed by Dashing
Dick; then, having drawn his canoe from the
water upon the platform, the old trapper turned
to his cabin door. This, after he had gone
through a number of motions, wheeled open on
its great hinges and admitted the master and
his young guest to the interior.

By this time it was nearly dark, and, as the
open door and the single small window in the
arched stone roof of the building admitted but
little of the remaining light, Tom closed the
door and proceeded to strike a fire in a small
fire-place in one corner of the castle. There
being a supply of fuel on hand, his task was
soon accomplished, and, as the flames gathered
volume, they shot their ruddy rays into every
corner of the apartment.

Dashing Dick saw that the Castle consisted of
but the one room. This was large and commodi-
ous, but seemed quite small in proportion to
the size of the structure on the outside. The
walls were lined with dried peltries, some traps
and clothing; while the ceiling was studded
with chunks of dried venison suspended to

horizontal poles by strips of fibrous bark. A
few cooking utensils, a rude table, two or three
stools, and a pallet of furs and blankets, com-
posed the outfit of Lake Castle.

The floor was the dry, white sand of the sur-
face of the island, in which the foot sunk quite
an inch.
"Quite a palace, Tom," remarked Dashing
Dick, when he had obtained a view of his sur-
roundings; "it would take a cannon to batter
down these walls."

"One't in here, you're safe," replied the old
trapper; "ther most danger lies in gittin'
away. But I allers manage that to a demunstra-
tion, and as to the reds kapterin' the place,
why, I have licked Red Falcon and twenty o'
his warriors in one night."

responded Dick, searching the trapper's face
closely. "The Indians think the Castle is
haunted, while I've heard more than one hunter
of the lower lakes say that they were satisfied
that Lake Castle contained more than one in-
mate."

"Ther nation!" exclaimed Trapper Tom,
with a slight start. "Who said so?—what do
you think about it?"

"I think it all a mistake, for I'm sure I see
no one about, nor any place where any one
could be concealed. But I must say that here
is a track in your sand floor that was never
made by your foot. It's too small—more like a
woman's footprint."

Tom started again, this time more violently,
and, advancing, he bent over the track and ex-
amined it closely.

"That must be my own track," he said;
"you see, the sand has worked in 'round the
edges and filled it partly up. But I must keep
a close look-out, for the red-skins are no doubt
taxin' their brains for some way to git into the
Castle. That track, tho', 's mine; I'm sure o'
it."

"It may be possible," replied Dick, "but
I'll swear it looks like a woman's footprint."
"A woman's? Ho! ho! ho! A woman in
ole Tom Strothers' Castle? Why, Dick, the
jee's ridiculous," and the old trapper went off
into another roar of laughter.

The subject was here permitted to drop, and
Tom set about preparing something to eat.
This was soon accomplished; then Dick was
invited to partake, and, accepting the hospitali-
ty of his host, the young hunter was soon dis-
cussing topics of various natures over the sup-
per with Tom.

"And the Indians," remarked Dick, when
the conversation touched upon this subject,
"you think, do you, Tom, intend to make a
clean sweep of all the settlers?"

"I believe it's in the heart of that infernal
Red Falcon to kill every settler in the Territory
o' Iowa. He's the bloodiest-hearted devil that
ever roamed unscaped, Dick. His name will
cause the hair to raise on a white settler's head
if spoken in the dark. But, I've got my eyes
open for Red Falcon, and he's a dead chief if
he ever gets within range o' my rifle."

"I hope you will get a chance at him soon,
Tom, and stop the bloody work he began by
slaying Arthur Winslow, his wife and little
one."

"Yas, and tried to kapter your gal, Dick."

Dashing Dick flushed red in the face, and ap-
peared somewhat embarrassed.
"Oh, ye needn't take on, Dick," added the
trapper; "I've heard 'bout ye bein' up to Prai-
rie View, makin' love to Miss Pauline Winslow;
and I've heard you war goin' to marry her."

"Some of those reports," returned Dashing
Dick, "may be true, but some I'm afraid never
will be true, Tom."

"I have two rivals, you know."

"Tut! tut!" replied Tom; "it's natural as
life for everybody to fall in love with that gal,
fur, I swar, she's the poorest and sassiest little
angel I ever seed. I don't think she cares a
straw fur Captain Charley Temple."

"Nor I, either, Tom; but, then, there is her
dashing young cousin, Harry Herbert, whom
I think she favors most of all."

"Wal, I don't think she'll marry anybody
soon, for, since that infernal rover of Satan,
Red Falcon, killed her friends, she seems terri-
bly grieved, and shuts herself up in her room
for two days at a time, and I'll refuse to see her
best friend, poor girl."

Dashing Dick made no reply, and their re-
past was concluded in silence.

Then Trapper Tom arose, and opening the
Castle door, gazed out upon the lake. All was
silent, and the tranquil waters of the lake were
unruffled and motionless. Night had long
since set in, but the moon was up, its light
flooded the lake and Castle with a dim, mel-
low radiance.

Closing the door and barring it, Trapper
Tom and his young guest seated themselves
and engaged in conversation. This was kept
up until a late hour, but at length both grew
drowsy.

Then Tom assigned a pallet of furs, spread
upon the sandy floor against the door, to his
guest, while the old trapper threw himself on
the couch on the opposite side of the room.

Dashing Dick had no sooner laid down than
strange thoughts began to revolve in his mind.
They were all connected with Trapper Tom
and his Castle. One was the track he had seen
in the sand, another the evasive language of
the old trapper. The first led him to believe
that Tom did not occupy the Castle alone, and
the other had much to do in confirming this
belief. But then there was one thing certain.
If Trapper Tom had a companion, he or she—
whichever it was—was not about, for the in-
terior of the Castle was confined to the one
room, and there was no place for one to be
concealed without, for the building covered the
whole island to the water's brink. Moreover,
there was but one opening to the retreat, and
no person could have been within it when they
landed on the platform.

But Dick was satisfied that Trapper Tom
had a companion, and with this firmly settled

in his mind, he finally sunk into a sound slum-
ber. His respirations were long and regular,
and he might have slept soundly until day-
break, had not a small coal of fire snapped out
and fallen upon his cheek. The sharp, sting-
ing pain awoke him, and starting up into a sit-
ting posture, he gazed around him in bewilder-
ment. But he soon recalled his situation and
discovered the cause of his disturbance. But
Trapper Tom was gone!

He would have thought little of this, but, as
he was lying against the door, which opened
inward, it seemed a little singular that the old
trapper could get out without disturbing him.
For, as before stated, there were no openings
in the Castle save the one door and the small
holes in the arched roof. But might there not
be some secret opening? He glanced at the
walls around him, but they were all of solid
masonry.

A train of thoughts now began to chase each
other rapidly through the young hunter's mind,
and while he was occupied with these, his keen
ear suddenly caught the sound of suppressed
voices. This aroused his curiosity to the high-
est pitch, and bending his head, he listened in-
tently to catch the words of those, whoever
they were, that were engaged in conversation.
He could hear the voices, low and suppressed.
One appeared to be a man's voice, the other a
woman's, but he could distinguish the words of
neither. In fact, the sound was so very faint
that he could not locate the point from whence
it came, for the variations of the two voices
made it, or seemed to make it, come from dif-
ferent points outside of the Castle.

Turning, the young trapper applied his eye
to a small crack in the door in hopes of gaining
some clue as to who the colloquists were; but
he saw no one. He applied his ear to the
crack and listened. The voices had become
hushed, but something like the dip of a paddle
came to his ears. But this, too, soon died
away, and then Dick turned his back upon the
door again.

A cry arose to his lips as he did so, but it
was promptly suppressed. On his couch, on
the opposite side of the Castle, he saw Trapper
Tom lying wrapped in apparent slumber!

The young hunter bit his lip till the blood
almost came, to assure himself that he was not
dreaming, for this sudden and silent transition
of the old trapper's form into the Castle seem-
ed more like a dream than reality. He was
completely dumbfounded, and threw himself
upon his couch without making the slightest
noise, or uttering a word. But he had become
firmly convinced that Trapper Tom and Lake
Castle were involved in some strange mystery.

CHAPTER II.

A STRANGE CONFLICT.

DASHING DICK again fell asleep, pondering
over the mysteries connected with Lake Castle
and its master. His heavy respirations told
that he slept soundly.

No sooner had he fallen asleep than Trapper
Tom began to move restlessly on his couch.
At length he opened his eyes, raised up on his
elbow, and gazed around.

The fire had burned low, and only a sickly
twilight pervaded the room. So the old trapper
arose to his feet and threw a few dry sticks
of wood on the red coals.

A bright glow soon lit up the apartment,
then the trapper turned and stole softly to the
side of the sleeping hunter. Bending over him,
he gazed down into the handsome face, ex-
pressionless in slumber.

"Can it be," the old trapper mused—"can it
be possible this youth is that person whose
name is upon every lip? Is it possible that
that man is a guest of Trapper Tom? I swar
it don't seem possible, but I reckon time'll
tell."

The trapper turned and stole back to the
fire. Then a strange sound broke upon his
ears. He started up—grasped his trusty rifle,
and examined its priming with a keen and ex-
perienced eye.

"Ho, Dick, my boy!" he then shouted, in
stentorian tones.

The young hunter instantly started from his
slumber.

"What—what is up, Tom?"

The heathens—the minions of Red Falcon are
coming to try the Castle again."

"Jerusalem! then we're to have a fight, eh?"

"And Dick arose, arranged his clothes and took
down his rifle.

"Yes, and a sharp fight it'll be," replied Tom,
scanning the face of the young hunter closely.

Then he went to the door, opened a concealed
wicket, and gazed out.

A low exclamation escaped his lips. He saw
a long bateau glide alongside the platform in
front of his door. He saw a dozen powerful
Sioux Indians spring out onto the landing.
Then a rush was made for the door. A wild
yell rent the air; crashing blows fell upon the
door—it yielded!

"Good God!" burst from Trapper Tom's
lips; "the door was left unbolted! Come,
Dick, my boy, put your shoulder to the door.
We must keep the red hellsions out, or our hair
will have to come."

The old trapper braced his shoulder against
the door and was assisted by Dick. The inward
pressure was checked by this resistance, but it
soon became evident that a greater force was be-
ing brought to bear outside, and that the door
must soon yield.

"Heave ag'inst her, Dick, heave ag'inst her
yer best," cried the old trapper, concentrating
all his strength into one mighty effort; "if we
can only git it back to its place and shoot the
bolt, then—ah, there!"

"Heavens! what does that mean?" cried
Dashing Dick.

The pressure against the door was suddenly
withdrawn, and a wild, savage yell, mingled
with fearful shrieks and cries and the sharp
crash of firearms, fairly rocked the castle, and
rendered the night hideous.

"What does it mean, Tom? what does it
mean?" repeated Dashing Dick, manifesting
no little agitation.

"I don't know, Dick," replied Tom, a puzzled expression passing over his bronzed, bearded face, and a strange light burning in his eyes.

They bent their heads and listened. They could hear sounds that were evidence of a terrible conflict going on without on the platform. They could hear the cracks of pistols, dull, crunching blows, shrieks and groans of agony, the dull thud of heavy bodies falling upon the platform, or being hurled with fearful violence against the Castle walls, and now and then a thunderous splash in the water.

"It's some trick to get us out," said Trapper Tom, who had taken advantage of this diversion to bolt the door.

"No, Tom; I verily believe friends have come to our assistance, and are engaged with the Indians."

Trapper Tom made no reply, but opened the wicket and gazed out upon the combatants. He saw them engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter, surging to and fro so rapidly that the eyes could not follow their movements. Some were up and some were down, and now and then a pair, locked in each other's deadly embrace, would go spinning across the platform into the water, where the struggle was continued to the death.

"What is the trouble, Tom?" asked Dick with dire impatience.

"Look for yourself, Dick; I can't distinguish one body from the other, they're mixed up so," replied the old trapper, withdrawing from the wicket.

"Dick glanced out through the aperture, but he was a moment too late. A great cloud trailed its tattered shreds across the moon's disk, wrapping all in darkness without. The young hunter, however, could see the dark forms surging to and fro on the platform, but he could not discriminate between them. He could not tell whether those that had attacked the savages were white men, or the worse foes of the Sioux, the Arapahoes. But whichever it might be, they were pressing the savages hard. The conflict was a fierce and desperate one, and by this time had been transferred to the lake around the base of the platform, where flying arms and feet, and whirling and falling bodies beat and churned the water to a foam.

"By Heaven, Trapper Tom!" said Dashing Dick, excitedly, "I believe it is friends—white friends, too, that have come to our assistance. If so, we are not doing our duty remaining shut up in here."

"True, Dick," replied Tom; "but I was afraid at first it was all a sham to draw us out. We can go out yet, and lend a helping hand."

"Then unbolt the door—quick. I'm afraid we're already too late. The noise has subsided as if by magic. The conflict must be at an end."

The door was unfastened and the two rushed out onto the platform. True enough, they found the conflict had ended, but not a living warrior was to be seen. But there was fearful evidence of the struggle all around them. The platform was slippery with human gore, and the wall of the Castle was bespattered with dark clots of the life-liquid. Three motionless forms lay upon the landing, and a fourth one was hanging over the edge, the blood dropping from a fearful gash in the head into the lake.

Dashing Dick advanced and examined these forms. All were Sioux warriors of Red Falcon's band. They were scalpless and presented a shocking spectacle with their grim faces wearing the last agonies of death, upturned in the ghastly moonlight. The long bateau in which the savages had reached the castle still lay alongside the platform.

With a keen eye the young hunter swept the surrounding waters, but not a living object could be seen upon the glassy surface.

Who were the victorious assailants, and where had they vanished so quickly and silently? Were they the avenging spirits that Indian tradition had said haunted the waters of Clear Lake, and guarded the Castle of their arch companion, Trapper Tom?

These were the questions that Dashing Dick asked himself, but he could arrive at nothing definite in regard to them, and the more he pondered over the matter, the more complicated the mysteries grew.

"That's been a bloody battle here, Dick," said Trapper Tom. "Red Falcon's varlets have got it waxed to 'em. But who done it, and what have they gone to? Surely they weren't all killed. By jing, it's curious."

"Couldn't you tell where the victorious assailants are, Trapper Tom?" asked Dick, fixing his eyes upon the old trapper.

"Me tell? Why should I tell more about it than you, Dick? I'll admit it's curious they didn't make 'emself known arter doin' us such a good turn. But I'll tell you my 'pinion. I think it was a party o' Arapahoes come here fur the same purpose the Sioux did—to kapter Lake Castle. But findin' the Sioux here, they got to fightin' each other, for you know the two tribes are at the odds."

"The story seems plausible enough," thought Dashing Dick, "but in connection with what I have seen to-night, I believe Trapper Tom knows more about this affair than he is willing to admit. I am inclined to think it is one of the mysteries of Lake Castle, and—"

Here his train of reflections was interrupted by an exclamation from the lips of old Tom, who pointed away toward the eastern shore of the lake where he had discovered a canoe, with a number of occupants standing well in under the shadows.

"That tells the story," he said; "it's been a pack o' Arapahoes that attacked the Sioux."

"But how could they escape so soon after the conflict ended without our seeing them?"

"Don't you know the ways of the red-skins are inscrutable, lad? When you've spent as many years among the varlets as I have, then you'll learn that that's nothin' impossible for a red-skin to do but to get inside o' Trapper Tom's wicket, and the old trapper laughed heartily at his own conceit.

The subject was here permitted to rest, and Trapper Tom proceeded to remove the lifeless bodies from the platform and wash off the blood. By the time this was accomplished the moon had gone down, and that darkness which precedes dawn fell over the lake.

"Now it is our time to go ashore, Dick," said the old trapper; "larkin' Indians won't see us land, and so they won't know but what we're in the Castle still. That's the how I work 'em."

"Well, I want to visit Prairie View to-day, and if there's no danger in venturing ashore in the daytime, let us be off at once."

"That's it," replied Tom, and he proceeded to make ready for departure.

All was made ready, and having securely locked the Castle door, Tom launched his canoe and the two took their departure. The eastern shore was reached and a landing effected in safety.

The canoe being concealed, the two proceeded a short ways back into the woods, when Dick said:

"I suppose I will have to leave you, now, friend Tom."

"I reckon so, if you're goin' down to the settlement. I can't go down that to-day. I've got to look out for Red Falcon's scalp. But, should you ever drift up into these diggin's again, remember the latch-string of Lake Castle is allers out fur friends o' old Tom Struthers."

"I'll not forget you, nor Lake Castle, old

friend; so good-morning to you," replied Dick, and thus the two parted—Dick going south and Trapper Tom east.

Dashing Dick's mind, as soon as he was alone, reverted to the mysteries of Lake Castle. He could not convince himself but that Trapper Tom had withheld some secrets from him, the main one of which was, of there being other occupants at the Castle besides the trapper. If so, why did he wish to keep the matter such a secret? Was he, under the guise of a hunter, harboring a band of outlaws or counterfeiters there?

As he studied the matter over he came to a halt, turned about and retraced his footsteps back to the lake. He had determined to make some further investigations from the shore as soon as daylight came. If there were other occupants than Trapper Tom about the castle, he would be likely to gain some evidence of the fact.

Cautiously he began scouting around the lake, and in the course of an hour he returned to the point from whence he had started. It was now daylight, and the sun had just come up.

The young hunter glanced across the lake toward the Castle. To his surprise he saw a thin column of white smoke rising from its chimney-top. However, there was nothing very suspicious about this, for Tom had thrown a stick of wood on the fire before leaving, and it might be from this that the smoke was still rising. However, he kept his eye upon the Castle and the surrounding waters, and evinced no little curiosity when he suddenly discovered a canoe filled with Sioux warriors, move out from the shadows of the west shore and head directly toward the old trapper's retreat.

"Ah! that will tell the matter," mused the young hunter, for he knew at a glance that the savages had become apprised, by some means or other, of the absence of its inmates and intended to capture it.

With an anxious, throbbing heart he watched the long craft creeping across the waters toward the structure. He was not so far away but that he could see the warriors were all powerful fellows and well armed, and painted and plumed for the war-path.

Slowly the craft creeps on. It is now within fifty paces of the Castle. Dashing Dick fixes his eyes upon the structure. He starts. He sees a number of little jets of white smoke puff out from the walls of the building. He hears the report of several rifles blended in one sudden roar come over the water. He hears a savage leap overboard into the lake from the advancing canoe, his arms beating the waves in the convulsions of death. Then he sees the craft turn about and make a hasty retreat shoreward, minus three of its occupants.

Dashing Dick started up. Something like a cloud of disappointment darkened his brow. Then turning, he moved briskly away toward Prairie View, musing:

"By Heavens, there are other occupants at Lake Castle! But they are not human; they must be invisible spirits—evil—evil angels. Yes, by Jupiter, Lake Castle is haunted!"

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHOT FROM AMBUSH.

A NIGHT OF BEATY.

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Myrtleworth—ever silent—loomed up, twice grim, amid the shadows of the grove; and scarce a light flashed at any of its many windows.

There was an awed atmosphere about the spectral place; the solemn influence of the presence of death had settled down upon the household.

Madame St. Sylvain was dead—had suffocated with another fearful hemorrhage, just as the large antique clock in the hall struck the hour of eight.

The fussy little doctor was in the gloomed chamber, with Nannie, and another of the indoor slaves, who had been called in to assist in the last moments of her loved mistress.

The sheet was drawn high over the face of the corpse, to hide the features that were distorted by mental and bodily suffering in the crisis of the death agony.

We can not portray what might have been the state of Madame's mind when her life went out—disturbed, anxious, excited as she was concerning Myrtle; this, too, within so short a time after having recalled to her inward self, by her recital to William Manning, her guilt of past years. After reading the mysterious note thrown into the parlor by Bec Foara, she was seized with a hope that its contents might be truthful. If so, then her objection to the match between Myrtle and Richard Wayne was removed. But the words uttered by Cora, besides proving the suspicions she had expressed to Myrtle, a few days previous, pierced her heart with a redoubled fear for the future of her youngest grandchild.

A second and more thorough search for Myrtle had been unavailing. Her disappearance was a mystery.

Cora had occupied the seat of hostess, at tea-table, where were gathered the rival claimants and foes. She excused herself ere the brief repast was concluded, and retired to her room. On her way up-stairs, she stopped in the darkened apartment to gaze on the cold face of her grandmother, and muttered, inaudibly:

"I never hated you, grandma—though I had good cause. You ever loved Myrtle better than me. Sleep peacefully, now; I bury every grudge."

Glancing round at those who were sitting near, she withdrew on tip-toe. Reaching her room, she set about packing a few necessary articles of toilet into a small valise, or traveling satchel.

Then she consulted her watch.

"It is time. Sego should be ready. Now then, to secure Richard Wayne!"

At the far side of the grove, under the waving willows, two cloaked forms were standing in the gloom.

Soon another party joined them.

It was the dueling-party.

"You are late," sneered the voice of Henry Yost, as Manning came up.

"Then it was for your good. You escape chastisement the longer," returned the young man.

"Come, gentlemen," said Gowan, advancing, "there is no time for words. Let us settle this thing at once. Here are the pistols."

"One thing strikes me forcibly," exclaimed Manning, as he selected a pistol from the case. "You are two to one. I have no 'second.' I think you are contemptible enough to take any advantage."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Gowan, angrily.

"Just what I say. I know that this scoundrel, with whom I am about to exchange shots, tripped against me on purpose this afternoon. I know that he is at Myrtleworth attempting to usurp my claim to the St. Sylvain heritage. It may be that the whole thing is a plot between you to get rid of me through some foul play. But I warn you, I am no bad marksman with the pistol, and at the first sign of treachery, I shall certainly shoot one of you!"

Perhaps Yost's face paled a little at this, but his voice was firm.

"To work," he said. "I am here to fight—not to talk. If you have no 'second,' that's your own look-out."

"Will Manning has got a second!" broke in a croaking voice at the speaker's elbow.

And Gowan could scarce suppress an oath of rage, as he distinguished the figure of Bec Foara in the half-darkness.

"You here, lug?"

"Ay, I am here, Jasper Gowan, for I know ye mean the boy harm. If I had my way, he'd not fight at all. But he's a good shot, I know, and with a fair chance, it'll be strange if he don't bring down his man. Fair play, I tell ye—an' I'm here for it."

Yost grew paler still. He saw that a square deal was unavoidable now, and though not really a coward, he knew that he was far from being practiced in the use of the pistol, and began to fear not a little for his life.

"So be it, you witch!" snapped the lawyer.

"Now, gentlemen, back to back—twelve paces. At the last step—as I say 'twelve'—you wheel and fire."

"All dead—all dead. The certificate and record were destroyed, as I told you, by the negro that I hired. He was my slave; I granted him his freedom for the part he played. All those who were present at the wedding—which was very quiet—have died off. My grandchild is to be pitied—I deserve her curses."

"Poor girl!" uttered the young man, lowly, thinking of Myrtle.

"O-h, God!" murmured a tremulous voice, in the hallway, and a staggering, fainting form reeled away from the door.

Myrtle had heard all!

Madame had scarce concluded, when something whizzed in through the window, and rolled upon the carpet at her feet.

"Hal! what's that?" she exclaimed, with a start.

It was a stone. Round the stone was tightly wrapped a piece of paper.

Manning picked it up, and handed it to her. He had seen Bec Foara cast it in, and he knew something was intended by it.

"There's writing on it," as she slowly unrolled it. "Who threw it?—did you see?"

He did not answer.

For one moment Madame St. Sylvain gazed, with widened eyes, on the words that the paper contained; then she made a movement as if—feeble as she was—she would spring from her chair. But she sunk back again.

"What does the paper say, Mrs. St. Sylvain? You are agitated."

She made no reply, but rung her bell-call furiously.

"Nannie! Nannie!" she cried, excitedly, when the girl came hurrying in, "run out and around the house—quick! You'll find a strange woman somewhere there. Bring her to me. Tell her I must see her. Hurry!"

Nannie hastened to do the bidding of her mistress; and Madame, trembling and flushed, turned to the young man.

"Read that!" bursting into a coughing fit, that choked her further utterance.

He took the slip, and perused the following:

"Madame St. Sylvain is wrong. Both the record and the marriage certificate are in existence, to prove that Lozone was the lawful wife of Edgar St. Sylvain. So, too, is the second child of Lozone alive, and his name is Mark St. Sylvain. So, too, is the will that was signed by Edgar, your son, on his death-bed, which bequeaths all to his son, Mark, the second child of his second wife. This will bears the genuine signature of Edgar, and was duly witnessed by the one who stole it from the death chamber, on the date it was missed—when Gowan, the lawyer, used the will to which he had forged the name of the dying man. All are in my grasp!"

"SIBYL DOWN."

Madame was first to break the silence.

"Do you see? Do you see? Can it be possible?—when the negro swore to me that he had destroyed the certificate and the record! Then Sybil Down is loitering near Myrtleworth. She threw that stone—I know it was she! You said you knew where to find her. You must bring her to me without delay. I can't believe that the negro failed to destroy the documents! But, if it be true—then Myrtle, my pet, is free enough to marry Richard Wayne, for her name will be pure as gold!"

If the agonized girl had only waited a moment longer at the door!

"Sybil Down shall be produced, I promise you," Manning said, more to himself, and in a meaning tone, while he glanced, alternately, toward the window and at the slip of paper which he held.

For Manning knew—as does the reader by this time—that Bec Foara was Sybil Down; and Sybil Down was Lizzie Lorne, the woman who was nursing Constance when the latter died.

Nannie returned at that moment.

"I can't find anybody, madame," she began; and then she uttered a loud cry—a scream that aroused the young man from a mood of momentary thought.

"Great Heaven! What's this?"

Madame St. Sylvain lay like a figure of marble in her chair—seemingly dead.

In the dim twilight, that had now closed upon them, the rigidly motionless form looked ghastly; and this was augmented by two or three drops of blood that had trickled from a pair of discolored lips, down onto her chin and in damp spots over her white collar.

Assistance was summoned, and the old lady was conveyed to her room.

The nearest physician lived some miles distant. But there were young, athletic slaves who adored Madame—who was a kind mistress—and one of these started on a swift run for the doctor's house.

It was after dark when the medical worthy arrived, coming in his little, spider-like gig, with a foaming, sweaty horse.

In her spacious bedroom lay Madame St. Sylvain. The apartment was lighted dimly, and Nannie—the ever-faithful slave—moved about the couch with muffled footsteps, adjusting the covers, and easing the aged form as much as possible.

Madame was very still; but her eyes were opened wide, and followed the actions of the slave girl intently.

William Manning and Cora stood at the bedside, waiting to hear what was to come.

The doctor shook his head when he had examined his patient.

"Her advanced age," he said, stroking his chin in a dubious style. "Some very heavy excitement. Completely shattered—terribly unstrung. If she has another, she can't recover."

"Doctor." It was the first word Madame had spoken since they revived her—and there was no voice, only a whisper, so faint that they had to lean to catch the utterance.

"My dear madam, I am very sorry—"

"Alum!" The good gentleman hesitated.

But the questioner was terribly in earnest; he saw that it would be useless to prevaricate.

"Madam, I regret—but I must tell you—alum! Yes, you must—that is, my opinion is that you can not recover."

As if inspired by a new strength, one of her wasted hands glided forth, and the fingers, nervously working, clasped in his coat-sleeve.

"Myrtle!—Myrtle! Quick!—bring her to me!"

Nannie was dispatched immediately on the errand.

Madame waved the physician back, and motioned her grand-daughter to approach.

"Cora," she said, in a sinking breath, "be kind to Myrtle. She is a good girl—she loves you dearly. Don't ever do her harm. Promise me."

"You talk strangely, grandma."

"Promise me you will never do her wrong," persisted her grandmother, while the wide, staring eyes glanced fearfully up.

That steadfast gaze, then she bent her head, and whispered rapidly, almost hissing:

"I wish Myrtle no harm. But I love Richard Wayne with a wild, determined fervor. I shall marry him, if I can possibly win him from her. In this alone I am her enemy."

An indefinable expression came into the thin, pallid features. Madame seemed to be struggling to say more, yet could not; a dangerous excitement was perceptible in the weak frame of the dying woman.

The doctor, who was near the foot of the couch, in full view of his patient's face, observed what he thought was a sudden agony, and he stepped forward.

"What did you say to her?" he demanded of Cora, sternly.

"Nothing," she replied, withdrawing from the bedside.

Nannie, just then, returned, saying:

"I can't find Miss Myrtle."

"But I must see her, I tell you!" burst from Madame's lips, as she clung to the doctor's sleeve.

"Certainly, my dear madam—you must see her. Of course. Ahem! Girl!—to Nannie—go find your young mistress at once. Search for her everywhere. We have no time to lose. In half an hour Mrs. St. Sylvain will be too weak to talk. Fly, now!"

Even as he spoke, and while the slave started to obey, Madame's lips parted, a look of intense pain and fear, combined, swept across her emaciated face, and there was another gush of the warm blood from her throat.

When Nannie rejoined them, after a long absence, her mistress was in an insensible condition.

"She's not in the house," the slave informed them. "And we've looked all around, and can't find her nowhere."

The announcement had an electric effect. The eyes of Madame St. Sylvain shot open, and riveted on William Manning.

He approached her.

She struggled hard, for several seconds, to speak, and the doctor, seeing the intense strain, fidgeted uneasily.

"My dear madam—"

"Myrtle!" she gasped, closing her eyes again, in utter exhaustion from the effort.

Manning pressed her hand. He understood. But Myrtle was gone—gone, no one knew whither!

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gazing on the wood coals. "I would not, for the world, that he'd stain his hands with the life of Jasper Gowan. He can not come back to Myrtleworth now. Henry Yost dispatched a messenger to the 'Lion' within the hour; and before this, they're after the boy—for murder."

Hendrick moved uneasily.

"William Manning was thought a great deal of," he said.

"True—true; but the best man will have his enemies. And now, when they think him guilty of murder, they won't stop to look at his record among them. The killing of a man is a dangerous thing."

"Yes," abstractedly.

"He did it to save his own life, I can swear. But who knows?—they may hang him the minute they find him."

"Let us quit talking on the subject," interrupted Weston, shifting his position. "I am sorry enough on his account."

"Just then came the voice of Max from the bed."

"Don't go, Sweet Bird," murmured the child, whose mind was wandering. "Stay and help Max drive off the shadows. See—the man with the scar is hid in the tree. He's got a gun—ah! Max knows. Do you see him?—he's frowning like the dark clouds that carry the lightning over the earth. Somebody is to die when the gun speaks. Stay, Sweet Bird, and weep for the dead, while Max fights the laughing owl."

"What's that the boy says?" exclaimed Bec, lowly, as she arose and drew near to the couch.

"Water!" gasped the feverish lips. "There's hot fire in my throat; and—bark! I hear a crow; it says I shall die. No—I don't want to die! What will I do? Drive them away—ugly faces! I choke! Water!—water!"

He tossed about in a delirium of thirst, and tore at the bosom of the ragged shirt.

Bec turned to bring a cup of water from the pail.

But she paused.

In pulling open his shirt front, Max revealed the miniature which we have seen him steal from the old trunk on a former occasion.

"Ha!" whispered the hag, "how came he by that? He must have seen me place it in the trunk some time—"

"Water! Water!" broke forth the choking voice.

She applied the cool liquid to his lips, and then he sunk backward on the pillow, peacefully.

"What is that?—where did he get it?" inquired Hendrick, pointing to the medallion.

"A picture," she answered.

"Of what whom?"

Bec did not speak for several seconds. Then she said, slowly, going back to her seat at the hearth:

"It's the picture of his mother."

"His mother!"

"Yes. I was keeping it for him."

"Ah! then you know who were the boy's parents?"

"Yes," with a momentary glance at him—a glance that was full of strangeness.

"Tell me who they were?"

"I will not. But, mayhap the day will come, Hendrick Weston, when this boy will not be the crazy thing he is now. And Bec, for a knows—ha! ha! a secret that's worth a great deal to him. Ha!"

She raised one hand and listened.

Muttering voices were heard outside, and the tramp of feet came to their ears.

"Do you hear that?"—in an anxious tone; "they're after Will Manning. They're scouring the woods. God grant they'll not find him!"

"I'll join them. If they do catch him, and should undertake to punish him on the spot, I may save him till you can swear to the facts in the case."

"Go, then. And be quick!"

Hendrick left the cabin.

Three men were passing; and the surmise was correct; they were hunting for the one around whom fate had woven a network of danger. Twenty-four hours before, men had been proud to call William Manning their friend—now, branded with the charge of murder, he was an object of enmity and pursuit.

What was he, then, he went up the stairs which led to the upper cabin.

"Now I've got you!" the spy muttered, in fierce joy. "I must warn the officers in some way. The boat won't leave before twelve, and it's only about nine now. That gives me three hours to send a message to the detectives and get them here."

Then the colonel took out of his pocket a small memorandum book, and tore a leaf out of it. On the leaf he wrote:

"John Blaine is on steamer Bridgeport. Come at once or he'll be off. Steamer will leave at twelve to-night. I will be here until you come."

"(Signed), The man who gave information before."

Then he folded the leaf up, and on the outside directed it to Captain Kelso, Mulberry street.

"Now I must get some one to carry this," he muttered, as he walked down the dock toward the street. "For I mustn't leave this pier. This fellow is a slippery customer, and I don't intend to give him a chance to escape, not that I think though that he has any suspicion the meshes of the law are closing around him."

At the entrance to the dock he halted in the gateway.

"Some sharp boy would do," he said, communing with himself, "but the trouble is to find one."

Then he crossed over to the other side of the street, still keeping a sharp watch on the gateway.

In five minutes or so a ragged little fellow, evidently a newsboy or a bootblack, came along down Catherine street, whistling merrily.

The Virginian took a good look at him, and guessed from his face that he was a sharp little fellow, so he called out to him:

"Come here, boy; I want you."

The youngster stopped whistling and approached, evidently astonished at the summons.

"Do you want a job?"

"You bet!" replied the youth, tersely.

"Do you know where the police headquarters are, in Mulberry street?"

The boy looked at the colonel suspiciously for a moment before he answered the question. He and his tribe looked upon the police as natural enemies.

"Maybe I do," he replied, slowly, plainly inspired by a feeling of distrust.

"I want you to carry this note to Captain Kelso, at the police station in Mulberry street, as fast as you can go, and when you come back with the officers I'll give you a dollar."

"P'raps you won't be here?" the boy said, suspiciously.

"Well, here's fifty cents in advance, and I'll give you the other fifty when you come back."

"I'll do it!" exclaimed the youth, clutching the stamp.

"Be sure and don't forget the name, Captain Kelso."

"Oh, I know him. I blacks boots on Broadway, I does; I know 'em all!"

"And if the captain isn't there, give it to the next officer, or to the detectives, Irving or Lane."

the knife which he had raised to strike another entered his own breast. The thought, too, came to him that it would be almost impossible to get within striking distance of the man, whose death he sought, without alarming him.

Keenly on the watch, and suspecting that a foe lurked in each dark shadow, the hunted man would be certain to hear the stealthy footsteps approaching him from the rear, and then, alarmed, he would either run like the grayhound, or else turn and fight with the desperation of the stag at bay. And if he adopted the latter course and was armed, as the chances were ten to one he was, the Virginian felt that he might sacrifice his own life and yet not take full measure of revenge upon his foe.

With a mighty effort the colonel calmed the torrent of rage surging from heart to brain, unloosed the iron gripe upon the handle of the knife, and returned it to its hiding-place.

"No," he muttered, half-aloud, "I'll take no chances this time, but get 'dead wood' on him," sure. If he's got a revolver he could bore a hole through me before I could get within striking distance. Besides, it would be folly to attempt to get near him; he has ears like a cat, and would be sure to discover me. So I'll just track him till I run him to earth. Then I'll warn the officers and he'll go back to Sing-Sing."

And acting upon these thoughts, the Virginian skulked along, taking advantage of every shadow that afforded concealment. He feared that at any moment the pursued man might take it into his head to look carefully behind him in quest of a spy.

But the disguised man never once thought of such a thing as a spy upon his track. Why should he? What subtle power is there in nature to warn him of danger? He "worked by wit, and not by witchcraft"; he was providing against man's keenest skill; he had not dreamed that his daring plan, framed to baffle the wits of the detective officers, would be set at naught by a strange chain of circumstances; fortune oftentimes mocks at skill and courage, and bestows her favors with an unsparring hand upon the fool who can be of neither.

The man went on with a light and careless step, and ever and anon a smile would appear upon his face as he reflected how well his plans had succeeded, and how completely he had baffled the keen-scented hounds of the law, who had once been so close upon him. He hardly looked around, so confident was he that no peril threatened him. Once only, as he turned from the avenue into Twenty-Third street, he cast a short, quick glance behind him. It was done more out of habit than from suspicion of danger. The hunted deer starts at the whir of a dead leaf, and so the human, who knows that all honest hands are raised against him, sees cause for flight in every dark shadow.

But the man again turned his head, he had seen naught to excite his suspicions. He had not noticed the watcher on the other side of the street, gliding after him with stealthy tread.

Down Twenty-Third street to Avenue A, along Avenue A to Essex street, through Essex to Rutgers, and through Rutgers street to the river front.

It was plain that the man had selected the unfrequented side streets, where the throngs of the working-class were situated, rather than the crowded Bowery, where the presence of the shrewd-eyed detectives, in plain clothes, might be expected.

As steadfast as his shadow the Virginian had followed on the track of the fugitive, and so careful had the spy been in his movements that his watch had not been even suspected.

Along the river front to Catherine street the disguised man went; then crossed the street and went through a gateway leading to one of the docks.

Glancing up as he followed him, the Virginian read that the steamer "Bridgeport" would leave for Bridgeport at twelve, midnight.

The teeth of the colonel came together with a fierce snap as his eyes read the sign. The chase was done and the prey run to earth at last.

The colonel advanced cautiously along the dock, and concealed behind one of the pillars which supported the roof, saw the man he had tracked so patiently go up to the office of the steamer, pay his fare, and receive the key of his stateroom; then he went up the stairs which led to the upper cabin.

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"Oh, I know him. I blacks boots on Broadway, I does; I know 'em all!"

"And if the captain isn't there, give it to the next officer, or to the detectives, Irving or Lane."

"I know 'em both, Cap."

"Now be off with you, fast as you can run," and the colonel gave the note into the boy's hand, and the youngster started up Catherine street at full speed.

"Now, John Blaine, the devil deserts you, and I'll have the handcuffs on your wrists before you are three hours older!" the colonel exclaimed, fiercely, as he returned to the pier.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOHN BLAINE'S TERROR.

AND while the detectives were searching high and low for the escaped convict, John Blaine, scouring through the thieves' dens, in the "Bloody Sixth," the whiskey shops of Mackereville, and the haunts of crime "along shore," keeping diligent watch at the ferries and the railroad stations, that sagacious gentleman had remained quietly concealed in the Madison Avenue House.

As he had justly observed, who would think of looking for a State-prison bird in a "brownstone" cage? That was a point beyond the skill of the "cutest detective in the force. Crime consorts with poverty and rags, not with wealth and costly garments.

Adjoining Ernestine's chamber was a little hall bedroom. In years gone by it had been the girls' play-room, and now had been transformed into a sort of wardrobe, or receptacle for trunks and other articles belonging to Ernestine not in constant use. As it had been commonly kept locked, the hunted felon decided at once that it was the most suitable room in the house for him to take refuge in. And then, too, as a door communicated with the chamber of the girl, she could easily furnish him with food without exciting any suspicions.

And so John Blaine took possession of the little room, and the girl locked him in safely.

It was an easy matter to supply him with food, for the felon was a light, delicate eater, and the girl simply gave orders to serve her breakfast in her own room, and also had a lunch provided at night.

One of the first articles that Blaine had asked the girl to procure for him was a small hand mirror, and day by day the escaped convict anxiously consulted it, and, as he did so, cursed niggard nature that she had not gifted him with a heavy beard, that growing, would have served for a disguise.

At the end of a week a scanty mustache ornamented his upper lip and that was all. He cursed right royally when he saw that he might wait a month or more before his chin would be at all altered by the hairy disguise.

And then John Blaine made up his mind to wait no longer. He chafed at the confinement, for he was still a prisoner, although guarded by no jailer but his own sweet will. He resolved upon a plan of escape. Making out a list, he instructed the girl to procure for him certain articles, and also told her how much money he should require, and she, willing slave, procured the articles he wished and the money that he had called for.

Then, planning out his method of escaping the keen search which he felt sure was still kept up for John Blaine, he put on his disguise and waited his opportunity to steal out of the house without attracting the attention of any of its inmates.

In the afternoon he had taken occasion to bid Ernestine good-by, and tell her that he should probably attempt to escape from the city that night.

And the girl, seated in the parlor, listening to Blackie's earnest conversation, seemingly with ears for the words of the man she loved alone, heard the jar of the door, cautiously as the fugitive had closed it behind him, and she guessed quickly who it was that had stolen from the house, like a thief in the night, with noiseless footfall. Then in the heart of the girl swelled an earnest prayer that she might never look upon the handsome face of John Blaine again.

And Blaine himself, disguised in the light wig and dressed in a handsome business suit, covered by a dark overcoat, walked carelessly down the street with as little fear as though a heavy reward had not been set upon him, and the keenest detectives all great New York were not searching night and day, eager to place the iron manacles upon his wrists and send him back again to the convict's cell within Sing Sing's gloomy walls.

Confident in his disguise, the escaped felon would not have hesitated to have walked boldly by the whole force of the Central Office, but Blaine had the bump of caution well developed, and was not disposed to run needless risk, so he shaped his course to avoid the more crowded thoroughfares, where he might be apt to run across a detective officer.

And as he slipped in his stateroom on board the steamer "Bridgeport," Blaine sat down on the edge of the berth and meditated.

"So far, so good," he muttered, in a tone of satisfaction, as he gleefully rubbed his palms together; "here I am on board the steamer, and not a single bloodhound in all New York the wiser. Coming down as I did at a time when the streets were full of people, the chance of escaping detection was ten times as good as if I had waited until later and the streets were less crowded. The first and most difficult move of all has succeeded, so let me think over the rest of the game. First the necessity to leave the country; then the problem: how to do so without detection. The officers naturally would watch the principal avenues of egress from the city. Two ways of escape: the first, to fly to the Far West and bury oneself amid the canyons of the Rocky Mountains, or find concealment on the prairies of Texas; the second, to take steamer for a foreign country, which plan I have adopted. The detectives will watch the foreign steamers and the railway depots, but the steamer Bridgeport, bound for the city of Bridgeport, they will not watch, for what take steamer for England," and then the felon chuckled merrily to himself. "I think I have planned it well," he continued; "I avoid Boston and the direct express routes between New York and that city, and so lessen the chance of meeting any New York detective who might penetrate my disguise. In two or three years at most I can come back. In that time the chance is good that a pardon can be procured for me, or even if that fails, time in its flight brings forgetfulness, and long before I wish to return, John Blaine, the escaped convict, and his crime alike may be forgotten. It was very unlucky that I did not kill the fellow outright, Blaine murmured, thoughtfully. "It seems to me that the worse the crime the better the chance to escape punishment nowadays."

And the man laughed—his old careless laugh—as he spoke, the laugh that was so musical and full of glee.

"Well, I might as well go to bed," he said, suddenly, after a few moments of quiet meditation. "I haven't undressed for a week, and a good night's rest will be a luxury. Almost every night, while lying concealed in that snug little hole, I dreamed that I felt the touch of the officers reclaiming the escaped bird; but to-night, when I'm fast asleep and they draw in the gang plank and cast off the ropes, I can bid farewell to danger."

And then, with the bright, cheery smile upon his face, he rose to his feet and removed his overcoat. He happened to glance toward the window of the little stateroom. The glass was protected by a blind, through which the rays of the rising moon were vainly endeavoring to force a way.

A vague impulse, springing up he knew not why, induced him to open the window and blind. The latter he opened but a little way, enough to peep out. It was no fear of danger that urged him to look upon the night, for he felt as free from peril as though his feet already trod the deck of the Cunard steamer, and he saw the frowning fortifications of Halifax growing blue and indistinct in the dim vista of the distance.

And then, as John Blaine looked cautiously through the little opening—for caution had become a second nature to the man, who for years had been as an Ishmaelite, his hand against his fellow man, and all men's hands against him—he saw a sight which chilled his bold, brave heart, that so seldom knew a touch of fear, and which food reel as though the damp dew of death were gathering upon his brow.

The stateroom which John Blaine occupied was situated ten feet or so from the gangway by means of which he had come on board, and, as the stern of the steamer was swung out a little from the dock-side, it commanded a view of the dock-door, and there, in the opening in the covered pier-side, leaning carelessly up against a pillar, with the rays of a light falling full upon his face, and his arms folded across his breast, John Blaine recognized the Virginian colonel, Richard Campbell, his deadliest foe.

With parted lips and clenched teeth and a face ghastly pale, Blaine gazed upon the calm, immovable features of the man who had pursued him for years with intent to take his life.

All the detectives that New York could boast, headed by Chief Kelso in person, could not have shaken John Blaine's iron nerves had they come trooping upon the pier, and he knew that escape were impossible and that the convict's cell would hold him prisoner before another night could come, as did the sight of Campbell's face.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

BUT for the hand that rested on the window-sill and thus afforded support, the iron-hearted felon would have sunk to the ground, for the sight of Campbell seemed to chill the blood in his veins and paralyze even the heart itself in its action.

And had the spy happened to have raised his eyes he could not have helped discovering the white face that glared so fearfully from the little opening. But Campbell never once thought of glancing at the upper part of the boat. His eyes were intently fixed upon the open space inside the steamer, at the foot of the steps which led to the upper cabin, ready at any moment to dodge back out of sight if discovery seemed probable.

At last, with a great effort, John Blaine aroused himself from the trance of terror into which he had fallen. He drew back from the window and nearly closed the blind, only allowing an inch or so of space to remain open, so that through the crack he could watch the movements of the Virginian without fear of being discovered by him, should he happen to raise his gaze to the upper part of the boat.

And then John Blaine, with an anxious face, pondered over the situation. At first he strove to convince himself that the presence of Campbell was but an accident—that he was not in pursuit of him; but, the heart of the hunted man whispered otherwise. His instinct told him that it was for John Blaine alone that the ancient foe waited so patiently. And then, that thought accepted as truth, came the question, what is he waiting for? Why not explode the mine at once and give John Blaine back to the striped felon's garb and the convict's fare? In a second thought Blaine guessed the truth.

"He has sent for the officers and is waiting for them to come," he muttered in hoarse tones, which seemed strange and unnatural even to himself. "My evil genius has placed this man upon my track! How could he discover me in this disguise?"

To the mind of the fugitive the struggle seemed almost decided already. In imagination he felt again the cold clasp of the handcuffs on his wrists, and heard the sharp clink, as the bolts snapped home, which proclaimed him a prisoner.

With a desperate effort he roused himself from the stupor of despair which had come so suddenly upon him.

"I'll not give up!" he said, shutting his little white teeth together, and clenching his hands until the pink nails cut into the flesh. "I must get out of this! I'll not stay here to be taken like a rat in a trap! I'll not wait quietly until the men hunters come for their prey! I'll make another bold dash for freedom and strive to shake off this human blood-hound who seems destined to hunt me down to my grave!"

Then he put on his overcoat again and left the stateroom. Already he had formed a plan of escape. He had noticed that at the other end of the boat another gangway led into the dark, and that the deck-hands of the steamer were busy trucking freight over it from the dock into the boat. By means of the upper gangway he could get upon the dock without discovery.

Blaine proceeded to execute his plan at once. As he had anticipated, Campbell, from his place of concealment, could not watch both gangways; but after John Blaine gained the dock, he discovered that he could not make his way into the street without passing within ten or fifteen feet of Campbell.

Blaine had marked the pillar behind which he supposed the spy to be standing, and now he sought to discover if his guess was correct. Cautionously approaching, taking advantage of the huge pile of freight for concealment, he at last got within view of the gangway and discovered to his surprise that Campbell was not there. He guessed at once that the watcher had stepped on board the boat for a moment, and Blaine thanked his lucky stars for the fortunate chance which had removed the spy from his path.

He was quick to improve the opportunity. With a rapid step, yet in a careless manner, he walked past the gangway toward the entrance to the street, and as he passed the opening he gave a glance into the boat, expecting to see Campbell standing on board; but no Campbell did he see!

Straight onward he went, and soon he left the shadows of the pier and entered upon the street. Again he looked around expecting to see Campbell, and again his search was fruitless. Again he wondered what had become of the tireless tracker. As he had traversed the short distance between the spot where the first gang-plank led into the steamer and the gate of

the dock, the thought had come to him that perhaps Campbell had stepped to the entrance to the dock, to watch for the approach of the officer, for in his own mind, Blaine felt certain that it was for the assistance of the police that the Virginian waited. And as he had approached the gate of the pier, he had drawn a small revolver from his pistol-pocket, and raising the hammer, held the weapon ready in his hand.

It was lucky for the human blood-hound that he did not encounter the man, whom he had hunted down so relentlessly, at the gate of the dock that dark night, for, nerved to desperation, the escaped convict would not have hesitated for a single instant in slaying in cold blood the only man in all the world who could chill his heart, or render powerless the muscles of his strong right arm.

John Blaine's heart gave a great leap for joy as he gazed about him in the darkness when he was fairly outside the pier-gate. The figure of his foe was nowhere to be seen.

A few dark forms were passing by on the other side of the street, but there was no one near to the entrance to the dock.

Blaine quickened his pace, and passed over the open space toward Catherine street.

"By Heaven, that was about the tightest place that I've been in for many a long day!" he muttered, as he crossed the square. "I had better watch my chance and get back to Ernestine's house as soon as possible. There, at least, I am safe. What unlucky chance put this man again on my track? Am I never to get clear of him? Is it to be my fate to be hunted by this demon unto my dying day?"

Then the hunted man proceeded up Catherine street, and as he mingled with the little knots of people passing up and down that thoroughfare, his mind became easier and a feeling of security came over him. He thrust the revolver into the side pocket of his overcoat—little danger of his needing the weapon for the present. His greatest fear now was that he might encounter some detective who would recognize him; and yet, when he came to reflect, he saw that there really was very little probability of that.

"Not much danger," he murmured, as he walked along; "there's very few of the detectives that know me personally, and the description which has been given of me would be more apt to perplex an officer, disguised as I am, than to aid him in discovering me. The John Blaine who escaped from Sing Sing has black hair, cut short, a clean, smooth face; while I have curly yellow hair and a mustache. Besides, they won't think of seeing me got up in this fashion. I believe that my disguise would deceive any one in the world except this man. He was evidently born to be my evil genius. He had better look out for himself, though," and as he spoke, Blaine shut his teeth together with a wolfish snap. "In the past I have always fled from him, but in the future if he corners me, I'll turn and fight all I know how."

Then Blaine reflected upon what course to pursue. He had fully decided not to attempt to leave the city at present. The sudden and unexpected appearance of Campbell had taken the "steel" out of him. All that he wished now was to get back to his former hiding-place as quietly as possible; but what troubled him was to find some way to enter the Van Tromp mansion without the knowledge of the inmates, Ernestine excepted. Then suddenly a plan occurred to him.

"I have it," he murmured; "it's simple enough. I'll go to the front door and inquire for Ernestine, and when she comes I'll get a latch-key from her, so that late to-night I can slip into the house and get back to my little den again. It won't do to walk in at first and stay for some one of the servants might take it into his head to watch me and thus discover that I did not go out again, and that would give rise to gossip and perhaps to my detection."

Having settled this matter satisfactorily in his mind, a thought came to him that brought the smile back again to his cheeks.

"Strange, how all through my life the women have always aided me when the men fought me. A female star was surely in the ascendant when I came into this world, and since has always watched over my house of life. One girl gave me the money by means of which I got out of Sing Sing, and another saved me from recapture and gave me funds to get out of the country with. No matter what I do, they keep faith with me and will never forget the love that they owe to John Blaine, villain and convict though he is." And hardly had the words left his lips when he made a discovery which chilled his blood again. He was followed.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 167.)

Mr. Aiken's Last and Best!

We have anticipated, with much interest, the completion of a novel upon which MR. AIKEN has for some time been engaged. Its earlier chapters were so original in field, character and story, that we followed the work with no small anxiety to know just how the versatile author would maintain the story's somewhat remarkable personality, and the ingenuity of its plot. All the MR. AIKEN now in hand we have to say that we regard it as, in many respects, the most thoroughly American novel we ever read; and so distinctive in its merits as a story is it that we think there is no hazard in saying it will be the most popular and the best read serial that has been given to the public in the past ten years!

Of this work the author writes thus:

"Brooklyn, May 31st, 1873.

"Messrs. BRADLEY AND ADAMS:

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Our Arm-Chair.

Beadle's Dime Books.—We give place to the following unsolicited expression of opinion not because the BEADLE DIME NOVELS need any defense, but to show what are the views of intelligent and observant persons regarding the little books which have had, and are yet having, an immense circulation. The verdict of this wide-spread popularity ought to be conclusive evidence of intrinsic merit; but, since there are people who will not see good in any thing that is popular and cheap, we commend to their consideration this candid confession of one who made their mistake in misjudging what she had not examined. Taken in connection with the article quoted last week, from Rowell's Newspaper Reporter, it indirectly administers a caustic rebuke to those who are so ready to condemn the BEADLE DIME NOVELS.

"I must acknowledge I have always held a prejudice against Dime Novels.

"I do not believe I could honestly tell how I came by it—for I must honestly confess that, until a few days ago, I never had read a page in one of them.

"But I had glanced at the little salmon covers with a sort of contempt, if not of horror, imagining them to be the hidden depositories of all sorts of harmful and pernicious spirits, better out of, than in, anybody's library or anybody's hands, written by literary adventurers who could not find a market for their wares anywhere else.

"In a letter to their publishers, some time since, I believe I expressed some such opinion as this, and especially denominated them as 'sensational, blood-and-destruction' trash.

"Forthwith came a graceful and ready reply, in the shape of a little package of Dime Novels. And, as if to condemn me out of the mouths of my own sex, were they ladies' works, and bore such honored names as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Mrs. M. V. Victor, Mrs. M. J. Porter, Mrs. Dennison, Mrs. Oakes Smith and Mrs. S. C. Hall.

"Well, I read them, and I hereby and herewith tender to the publishers and to the authors and authoresses of all the good Dime Novels ever written, my apology for being so conceited as to imagine myself wise enough to condemn that which I knew nothing at all about—doing just what a great many others do.

"And I am quite willing to speak a word here, to counteract the effects of prejudice, and invite others who think as I thought, to investigate for themselves. I wouldn't advise any one to read nothing else—that would be going to the other extreme. One could not live altogether on a diet of strawberries and cream, but it doesn't follow that a dish may not be very acceptable, once in a while.

"And, in my opinion, the occasional reading, in the hours of recreation, of one of Beadle's Dime Novels, will harm no one, who has a mind at all, or has come to any years of discretion. Young people who wish, in a lively way, to blend information and enjoyment, will find them a complete history and geography of the early times of our own country, and the struggles with the Indians; and old people, who remember these days for themselves, will find quite a feast of retrospection in these books—the romance of American Annals.

"And their cheapness places them within reach of everybody and anybody. They cost so little, and afford so much pleasure, it is no wonder that they are so widely circulated. The young people in the country, who rush to every circus and show which comes along, and think nothing of a half-dollar expended for an hour's amusement—very often a questionable one—would be better profited by spending the same amount for half a dozen Dime Novels, whose pleasure would last for a whole week, and very often be enjoyed again and again.

"But I am not writing an advertisement—only expressing, as I dare say the publishers will permit me to do—my own individual and now carefully-formed opinion on a somewhat mooted question. I speak of course of the BEADLE DIME NOVELS—not of the numerous 'Ten-Cent Novels' that all careful readers will only touch with caution. They imitate BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS only in price—in character, or merit, and must, in any manner, be confounded with them.

"MATTIE DYER BRITTS."

Paradise Regained.—That this continent is far older than it seems we have daily evidence from the discoveries of Professors Marsh, Agassiz and their co-laborers; but, willing as we have been to accept their conclusions of man's existence in Miocene era, co-eval with the Megatherium and Plesiosaurus, we had no idea that evidence would be forthcoming of the actual location of Paradise within the confines of New York State. Such evidence has, however, been offered, and the chosen spot is Cooperstown.

In a late address, upon a gala occasion on Otsego Lake, Mr. Edwin Phinney made the astounding declaration that "Two-Mile Point" was the scene of Adam's Rise and Fall, and gave, with much minuteness of detail, the proofs of the existence there of the Garden, the Tree, the Apple, the Serpent, and the Original Sin, and added as a "clincher," the following additional testimony:

"The two Indian skeletons lately exhumed on the grounds of my friend, Mr. Clark, turn out, on close scientific examination, to be no Indians at all, but, beyond all peradventure, the mortal remains of our first parents, Adam and Eve. On the skull of the larger and longer of the two skeletons can be distinctly deciphered, though in dim outline, that profoundly interesting initial letter A—the first letter of the first name of the first man that ever lived. And on the skull of the smaller, female figure, can be discerned by those who 'take notice of what they observe,' the letter E—the first letter of the name of the first woman who ever lived. But, finally, and here skeptics must certainly stand under, in the throat of the male figure, deeply lodged amongst the small bones, well-nigh calcined by the lapse of six thousand years, may be seen the identical apple—a fall pippin—now of course indistinguishably petrified, that choked the progenitor of our race!

Cooperstown had many sins to answer for before this brilliant discovery; but, now that it has the Original Sin down on its list, board ought to be cheap to the preachers. The story sounds somewhat Phinney; but, Otsego Lake always was celebrated for its funny resources, and we are bound to credit the new claim for distinction. With the bones of Adam, Eve and Fenimore Cooper in its keeping, who wouldn't 'go in' for Otsego Lake?

Beaten at His Own Game.—The Arm-Chair once referred to the growing respect for American humor which the subjects of "Her Ma-

jeesty" were showing—the great literary organ, *The Athenaeum*, expressing the opinion that nothing in Great Britain was comparable to the wit, and the talent for small-provoking talk, which seemed indigenous to this country. This was an honest confession, and yet one so true that the confession can not be said to have been forced—everybody conversant with literature knows it to be true. One of the greatest "wags" we ever knew was the comedian, Dan Marble, who, along with the hard-drinking but enjoyable "Yankee Hill," used to make laugh on the boards and off, from Portland to New Orleans. Dan was especially noted for his big stories—some of which are, to this day, repeated with infinite gusto. But Dan sometimes found his match in "stretching things," of which the following is an instance:

Dan was one day strolling along the Boston wharves when he met a tall, gaunt Californian, just returned from the "digging," and at once began to question the gold-seeker as to the healthfulness of the Western coast, receiving this answer:

"Healthy! It ain't nothing else. Why, stranger, there you can choose any climate you like, hot or cold, and the two without walking more than fifteen minutes. Just think o' that the next cold morning you get out o' bed. There is a mountain there—the Sara Nevada they call it—with a valley on each side of it, one hot, and the other cold. Well, get on the top of that mountain, with a double-barreled gun, and you can, without movin', kill either summer or winter game, just as you wish."

"What! have you ever tried it?"

"Tried it! Often, and should have done very well but for one thing. I wanted a dog that would stand both climates. The last dog I had froze his tail off while p'intin' on the summer side. He didn't get entirely out of the winter side, you see; true as you live."

This fellow probably well knew who Marble was and gave him a dose of his own medicine. In this species of humor—for such the *Athenaeum* declares it to be—the American is unapproachable. If any nation ever made life a science, we have done it, and have on the strength of our success in that line gained a vast reputation for humor!

Chat.—Almost every day we meet with instances of incivility so coarse and reprehensible that sometimes we think the race of true gentlemen are running out. Go where you will you have cigar smoke puffed in your face—which is *always* an insult; the smoker should smoke where it can offend no person. So with chewing tobacco and spitting. Why, the tobacco-spitter seems to think he has a pre-emption right over cars, walks, floors and streets, on which to cast his vile mark. The tobacco-chewer is, in three cases out of four, a very unclean person in the matter of his disregard of the decencies of habit. Then comes the person who crowds and jostles every one he passes. He is a nuisance and a bore, no matter whose son he is. His incivility is a mark of his low origin. No gentleman ever crowds or rudely jostles others. The man who uses loud and unseemly words which others must hear, in public, is uncivil. A gentleman never is obtrusive, especially with his speech. So runs the category. True civility is so rare that when we meet it we feel like asking the man for his address. What true civility is some one has thus happily expressed:

"True civility is not a mere superficial, skin-deep politeness—a candy'd deal of courtesy—the indiscriminate fawning of a spaniel—the grimaces of an unctuous impostor; but a hearty wish to make others happy at our own cost, a manly deference without hypocrisy or intrusion. Such civility implies self-sacrifice; and it has reached maturity after many struggles and conflicts. It is an art and a tact, rather than an instinct or an inspiration. It is the just tone of a crowning perfection of a noble character; it has been truly described as the smile on the spire, the sunlight on the cornfield, the smile on the lip of the noble knight, lowering his sword point to his lady-love; and it results only from the truest balance and harmony of soul."

Which we commend to the special consideration of that large class of men (and women too, for that matter), who leave their good manners at home when they venture out in the companionship of others.

SO NOW!

I THINK it is a downright shame for people to act as they do. I suppose you wonder what I've to scold about now. Well, I shan't let you wonder long. I hate to see people giving magnificent parties, costing—I don't know how many thousands of dollars, and never have them think of the hundreds of poor, shop-girls, and sewing women, who barely can keep soul and body together, and to whom the price of one little diamond would be a fortune! God's plenty wasted and sacrificed on *show*! God's bounty wasted on frivolity! I wish I had the power of judgment. So now!

I hate to see my own sex with yards of silks or satin trailing on the ground, frittering away their time in idle gossip, when I know of a poor woman who toils all day, and who can afford nothing better for a best dress than a calico, and a cheap one at that. When I hear Miss Vanity talk of how "excruciatingly tired" she is after dancing a few hours, and how much rest her delicate frame requires, I feel as if I'd just like to make her stand over a wash-tub all day, and rub, rub, rub. So now!

And look at the trunks going to Saratoga! I've heard it is the height of some persons' ambition to have the largest array of trunks when they "summer" it at a watering-place. Pretty ambition, that is! It may be a handsome sight, but I think it would be a much prettier one to see a trunk packed full of good substantial clothing, ready to go to the home of some destitute and deserving family, and I am old-fashioned enough to like such exhibitions myself. So now!

It was painful for me to see so many houses closed up, when I was in the city last summer, and know that their former inhabitants were away at some fashionable resort. I don't mean to say it was painful for me to know that they were having a good time, or that I'd deprive them of their pleasures; not I! But when I saw the poorer class of the community huddled together, and striving to keep cool by having their one door and window open. I just bit my lips and wondered if the Long-Branch resorters remembered that our Savior told us we were to remember the widow and the fatherless? And if so, why they don't do it? So now!

I am one of those who love to work for my church funds, and I'll make as many pin cushions, pen-wipers, bows and neckties as one wants; but I am heathenish enough not to let the poor go hungry meanwhile, and I don't feel like waiting until the treasurer brings in his account, if I know some one actually needs money before then. I vote for money when it's most needed. So now!

Vote for money, when the Scripture says it is the root of all evil? You can't know what you are talking about, Eve!

I beg your pardon, but I do know what I'm talking about, and the Scriptures say nothing of the kind. It isn't money itself that is the root of all evil; it is the love of it. So now!

Just take money away from us, and how would we be able to get along at all? There'd be no going to Saratoga or Long Branch; no hearing of Nilsson or Parepa Rosa; no Peace Jubilees, and no wearing of Stewart's latest styles. So you see I am in the right when I

want plenty of money about, but I do want also to not let it be all confined to the rich, because it must be an awful task to take care of so much, and really it would not be much trouble to those who see so little of it. So now!

But we are too heedless of others' wants; we don't think how many mouthfuls of bread we are depriving our less fortunate brothers and sisters of when we let a five-dollar bill slip on to the counter of the confectionery store for a few pounds of candy. And neither do you, gentlemen, give a thought of the dreadful waste when you're puffing away at your choicest cigars. And it's more shame for you that you don't. I say that you ought to—yes, and I say it emphatically, you ought to think of the money you are burning up to your own injury. So now!

You want to know if I've got through, eh? Yes, my dear, and I'm obliged to you for being so willing to listen to me. And if you'll agree with me in all I've said in this homily, and act up to it, I'll put you on my list of choicest friends. So now!

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Braddock's Defeat.

It was a great day for the citizens of Pittsburgh. Every body turned out to witness the skirmish. The furnaces and factories were all deserted.

General Braddock opened up the battle by sending a lot of skirmishers forward in omnibuses and wheelbarrows, with pockets full of railroad spikes, who opened fire on the French and Indians' advance guard, driving them into the ground, but a regiment of French coming up just then, armed with boots whose soles were an inch thick, the skirmishers thought it was about time to retire toward the distilleries, which they did very politely.

The British then advanced in two columns and several paragraphs, at the rate of forty dollars a column, and opened on the enemy with solid leaded matter, and the French columns were pried very suddenly. Just then Braddock got his brick-battery of mortar in position, and galled the French so bitterly that they had to put on their India rubber coats to keep the storm of shells off, and they sent in a remonstrance to Braddock that his firing was very offensive to them, inasmuch as the smoke blew in their eyes.

Braddock then sent forward the 15th Rifles to rifle the pockets of the enemy, but the French had planted a battery on the hill, and held it; and it grew rapidly and got so big that the British could not mow it off, and a good many were ironed out pretty flat in the attempt, and they received a check—for their baggage clear through.

Braddock, seeing how things were going, got mad and took an extra chew of tobacco, and sent forward a battalion armed with fire-crackers, which nearly frightened the Indians to death; they thought they were misanthropes, but a regiment of French coming up in the hand-carts, at that moment, persuaded the English to go back after something to eat.

Col. Washington, whose name will revolve as long as the Revolution revolves, attacked the right flank of the enemy just then, and nearly ate it up without boiling, and the bullets from their shot guns and blunderbusses, and slings, and bows, were so thick in the air that a man could climb up on them, and walk all around without falling through. Indeed, the fire grew so hot that the French broiled their meat by it, and warmed themselves and lit their pipes by it. They afterward remarked that the fire of the Virginian Militia was very millicious. They drove back the right wing of the French, which was five hundred strong, and four hundred weak, and engaged the main body of the army from Maine, and discharged volleys of Virginian tobacco juice at them so fast and furious that the French were highly insulted.

Just then occurred the thickest of the fight. It was about twenty feet thick by actual measurement. The Indians posted behind posts poured melted lead into the Americans with terrific efficacy or effie terrificacy, but the Americans returned the compliment, pouring fermented corn-juice into the Indians, which nearly depopulated them for a while. Every Indian dodged behind a tree and shot at Washington, but he had iron armor on and couldn't be touched. When he rushed at them with his little hatchet, they skeddaddled, and the Americans had a very heroic deed to that part of the field, written and recorded on the spot by an able lawyer. G. W. then dispatched a message and an Indian scout back to headquarters, announcing his success.

Braddock then, thinking that he had been courting long enough, and it would be well to have a general marriage engagement at once, ordered a regiment of surgeons forward, armed with lances, and the whole army to follow just behind them, so if the surgeons should run, the main army could run, too, and have a little start. Then came a scene which fourteen scribes and subscribers could not describe. Terrible slaughter began. English, French, Americans and Indians were all mixed up, so that no one knew what nation he belonged to. Noses were pulled with the greatest bloodshed, eyes flashed fire, but they were immediately put out by a blow from a fist, or a fistula; shells—eggs—shells—exploded in the coat pockets of the warriors when they were pressed too hard; warriors on both sides stopped so many volleys of death-dealing rifled boots that they were obliged to stand up whenever they went to church for a month; shots and photographs were constantly exchanged. It got to be a regular pitched and tared battle on all sides, and the roars of musketry from the musketoes and roars of laughter from the mouths of the cannon were deafening.

For a while it looked as if somebody would get severely killed; and all that the Mayor of Pittsburgh (he came out and read the Riot Act) could do had no effect on the belligerents.

The musketry was kept up, and many warriors, tired out, lay down to sleep under cover of the fire to keep the damp off, caused by many volunteers being shed, and in the melee Braddock was killed and tendered his resignation, and Washington took command, and all the enemy would then have been captured if they had not resisted, and had not Captain Jack come up with his Modocs, each one carrying his lava bed with him, and reinforced them.

The British and Americans retreated on finding that the French wouldn't; and the smoke of that battle still hangs over the city of Pittsburgh.

All of which is as authentic as a speech in Congress or an editorial in the *Daily Gaboot*. On this I pledge the veracity of

WASHINGTON WHITEHOORN.

Woman's World.

An Invasion of the Woman's World.—Men, Milliners and Dressmakers.—How to Bring up a Child.

One day, while I was visiting the great dry-goods palace of New York, making observations for fashion items, in the wholesale millinery department, a young man of about twenty years of age, tall, graceful and handsome, came out of the trimming-room at the

call of the superintendent, bringing a beautifully-trimmed bonnet in his hand to show to me. "That bonnet," said the superintendent, in a low tone, to me, "is one of his own 'creations.' He is a genius; there can be no doubt of it, and he has found his vocation. You would be surprised at the number of hats he can trim in a day, and no two alike. We think we have found a treasure. A few days ago he made an improvement in an imported hat called the 'Taglion,' and we found several ready-trimmed specimens sell so rapidly we are duplicating them by hundreds, and he calls his creation the 'Ready-and-Go-it.'"

While the superintendent was speaking, the young man-milliner had stopped at the further end of a long table where we were standing, to put up his "creation" on a tall stand. His face was beaming with delight; not the pleasure that is so repulsive in petty, vain natures, when they know they are being praised or talked about. There was something in his face above that—above his occupation, I thought. So I expressed myself to the superintendent, regretting that one who looked so artist-like should be "only a man-milliner."

"Let me introduce him to you," was the reply, "and you will change your mind."

So Harry T. came forward and was duly presented. He was flattered, and his ingenious face confessed it at once. I had a long conversation with him, which I shall not give in detail to my readers, but in substance repeat what I learned.

Harry was of English birth and parentage. His mother, a widow of some means, came to America when he was only five or six years old, and purchased a farm near Paris, Kentucky, where they lived till the close of the war. Harry's fondness for feminine attire displayed itself at an early age. He would invent and make with his own hands paper parasols, bonnets and dresses for miniature ladies; he loved dolls, and would not be denied the use of a thimble, needle and scissors, just like a girl. Laughing at him did no good. He was born to be a milliner or costumer. Tractable in disposition and amiable in character, he would perform the farm labors and garden tasks his mother appointed for him, but spent all his leisure hours in making his paper models of bonnets and dresses.

He grew up rapidly, a tall, slender boy, with a delicate constitution; and, finally the mother yielded to his importunities, and he sought and easily obtained employment in a millinery establishment in Paris (Kentucky). He was sixteen years old when he there trimmed his first real bonnet. His hats were sought for by the Kentucky belles, and he was at once established as a man-milliner of renown in that section.

At the close of the war things were so changed in Kentucky that such talent as he possessed was not in demand. The farm could not be worked to the same advantage as in ante-bellum days; and so he and his mother decided to turn their effects into money and come to New York. It proved a successful venture for the young man soon made his mark and found an appreciative employer in the great merchant prince, and will, in all human probability, rise rapidly to be the Worth of New York. He is a practical dressmaker, as well as milliner, understanding both trades in all their details. His taste is exquisite, and he lacks nothing but a yearly trip to Paris and the other great capitals of Europe—to study in the midst of art surroundings and attrition with other artists similarly engaged, to make him a perfectly successful man in his line. He laughs good-humoredly at his own singular tastes, but says he would not, if he could, abandon his calling for another. He idealizes his work, and idolizes his mother, who is now supported by him.

When I had finished my interview with him I was obliged to confess I would not have him any thing but a man-milliner, just as I would not have Anna Dickinson any other than she is, the greatest of female orators. It seems to me that Almighty God means to give us a lesson in such developments. They teach us not to be so narrow as to limit the sphere of either sex.

Harry T. is undoubtedly an invader of the Woman's World, but I do not know a woman who is injured by his invasion of her rights. Anna Dickinson may be out of woman's usual sphere, but no man or woman who has ever heard and seen her on the rostrum would say she was out of her own world or of a woman's world of duty. The day is gone when "pale Erinna's" are bound to the distaff while the poet soul within beats to death the prison house of the material bars of the tormented body and warped mental faculties. Men and women are both allowed their natural development in this age.

We have in New York two men dress artists besides Harry T. They are of European birth and parentage, and have had their day of successful invasion of the Woman's World; but the American-born artist will, in all probability, surpass them. First, because his is an inspiration. He is a born milliner artist; they are simply brought up to a trade, hereditary in their families. Again, as I have remarked in a former article of foreign dressmakers in general, they neglect to visit Europe every year, forgetting that artist life needs stimulation to keep artist minds and artistic surroundings to keep it alive. Harry T. being in the employment of one who is able to foster his taste and talent, will be afforded that opportunity for cultivating his natural gift. Moreover, he is young, tractable and patient, and is evidently willing to wait for appreciation.

I know of one woman in this great city who, at her husband's death, pursued his trade of milliner and harnessmaker. She had some practical knowledge of the business, which she improved, and, hiring her own hands (men), came daily to the workshop, superintending the work, sat at the desk and mastered the book accounts, and now is an immensely wealthy woman, owning her country seat and city residence, but continues to superintend her saddle and harness establishment, arriving punctually every morning at eleven and staying till five in the afternoon.

The widow Cliquot, of champagne celebrity, and the widow Jourin, of kid glove fame, are other examples of women proving themselves capable of continuing their husband's legitimate business. No one objects to that, and we should not object to men milliners and dressmakers, nor lace-makers, nor any other employment heretofore considered suitable for women only. In Europe there are thousands of men lace-weavers, and hundreds of men milliners and dressmakers.

In free America let us throw open wide the gates of trade and labor to both sexes. Mind and talent and genius have no sex; and all the mind and talent and genius in the world can never really *unsex* either men or women. Bring up a child in the way he or she should go, morally and religiously speaking; leave the rest to be developed in the absolute school of nature and truth.

EMILY VEDERY.

UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth, they lie in the memory of age like the Coral Islands, green and sunny amid the melancholy waste of ocean.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future editions.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosures, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are important are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon matter or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number, and enclosing in a separate envelope, with name, MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

"The Miser's Son," "Ambition," "Not Easily Scared," "The Circus-ride," "The Departed," "The Dutchman's Trouble," "Roor," etc.; "Sadie's Rose," "A Bachelor's Dream," "What Josiah Green Dreamed," "Miss Sophronia's Board," "The Mill without a Dam," "A Mortified Man," "How Could She Do It?" "The Last Bell-call," "A Runaway," "Sold," "Sol Owen's First Big Fight," all of which we can not use.

"We will use 'Out of Her Place,' 'Butterfly and Bookworm,' 'A Bad Beauty,' 'The Rose's Story,' 'A Penitential Quest,' 'Mr. and Mrs. Sourby,' 'Gale at Eve,' 'A Banquet,' 'Why Did He Come?' 'Keep Your Hands Clean.'"

R. H. M. We do not remember whether the sketch referred to has appeared or not. If not it is simply waiting for a change of subject.

Maxon C. F. We know of nothing that will make you grow. It is one of Nature's reserved rights to make men short or tall—at will or lean.

B. S. G. We can not answer at command. All MSS. must take their chance. A report can be made. The idea that an editor can lay aside all other work to read and report on a certain MS. is one that a "greenhorn," only would entertain.

Lordy. Ask your grandmother, or any of the "Old Folks." They can tell you all about tallow candles and the like.

Anxious Inquirer. We know nothing whatever of the firm named. The Association you mention has been for a long time pronounced a failure. Civil Engineering is a very excellent profession if you have talent for it. It demands peculiar qualifications for great success.

Contributor. We can not let such a plea as "Want of funds" influence us in the acceptance of a MS. If such pleas prevailed, what a paper we would make up! A writer's personality and his or her own work are nothing whatever to do with the publisher or the public, and should never be urged as a means of compelling acceptance.

A Growler. We were not aware of the fact that you were "bit" in our remarks about the use of big words; but, since you take the matter so much to heart, it is a good sign. Just keep on getting wroth for then, every time you make use of some stilted and highly artificial form for expressing a very plain idea, you will be sure to see just what others see—the inherent absurdity and grotesqueness of the style.

Fred Felt. Capt. M. Reid has written the following Dime Novels, viz.: "The Helpless Hand," "The Planter Pirate," "The Seal Hunters," (double number, 20 cents), "The Squaw," (ditto), "The story, now running in the SATURDAY JOURNAL, from his pen, was written expressly for this paper.

A Young Rector. Christ's Sermon on the Mount, as recorded in Matthew, was pronounced when our Savior was thirty-one years of age. It is, unquestionably, the most perfect sermon ever pronounced.

Mrs. G. H. Decker. Rice bread is very healthful for invalids, and can be made as follows: Let three-quarters of a pound of rice boil for about five hours in a little more than a quart of water; stir it while cooking, and afterward beat it into a smooth paste; mix this, with a little sugar, in a bowl of water, and divide the dough to work for a time near the fire; divide into loaves, and when baked it will produce excellent bread.

W. A. X. Iron money was first made by Lycurgus, 872 years B. C. It was very heavy coin, but answered a good purpose. Lycurgus was a very wise and good man.

Art Student. Romo G. All statues of former divinities were draped anciently. Fraxidels was the first who represented Venus naked, and such an innovation, though considered extremely indecorous, was excused in his case, because of the beauty and perfection of the sculptor's work.

K. B. F. There is a law in Texas that requires all persons under the age of fifteen to attend school a certain portion of the time; and every parent who neglects to any one to exemption from this rule. Good for Texas! say we.

Questioner. Sea-water is much more transparent than river water. Light penetrates it to a depth of sixty feet. This transparency increases with the distance from the shore, and is generally greater in the higher than in the lower portions of the sea. But, there are many exceptions to the last-mentioned fact. For instance, in the Caribbean Sea, zoophytes and sea plants growing thirty feet deep, appear to be near enough to the surface to be plucked by the hand, or, at a boat, so exceedingly pure and luminous is the water.

Ned Norton. The yearly mortality of the globe averages 383,533,333 persons, or at the rate of 91,554 per day, 3,220 per hour, 52 per minute, and 1 per second of the heart beats the decess of some human being.

Adelaide Gore. In common law, if in your grandfather's will you were not mentioned, the presumption of law, in such a case, would give you your share. If you were mentioned, and receive no bequest, you would be deprived of such presumption.

Cynthia D. K. A sure test for finding out if there is any alcohol in your coffee, or in your spoonful on the body goes to the bottom of the water. If it floats on the surface of a glass of water; if the coffee is pure it will float for some time, and scarcely cover the liquid; if it contains alcohol, it will rapidly absorb the water, and sink to the bottom of the glass, communicating a deep reddish-brown tint as it falls.

Master Robert R. It is stated that 3,642 languages have been or now are spoken, and that there are at least 1,000 different religions in the world. Many of the latter are now called "dead languages"—existing only in written records. Some have forever passed out of all existence.

David Jerome. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of physical labor. One-fifth of the blood in the body goes to the brain, though its average weight is only one-fortieth of that of the body. This fact alone is sufficient to prove that brain-work requires more food and sleep than mere body work. Mechanics or field-hands should therefore eat *less* food, and have *more* sleep.

Fernando D. S. Your idea is good; no animal is exempt from shedding their outer covering. Birds shed their feathers annually; serpents their skins; quadrupeds their hair, and mollusks and snails their shells.

Builder. Corrugated iron is no doubt a valuable building material, but when mixed up with wood is of questionable value. The iron serves only as a guide to flame in case of fire, and the wood, which is the article as can be used, has been proven in some instances.

Miss Griselda W. W. You doubtless possess talent, but there always is room for improvement. To improve your heart is disposed to say: "Is not this the great Babylon that I have builded," then look upon it as a nation of your talent is greatly to be deplored.

Eugene Hart. To bore holes in glass, take a steel instrument, freely wet in camphor dissolved in turpentine; a drill bow may be used, or even the hand alone; the hole or holes can be easily enlarged by a round file. Flat window-glass can be cut with a watch-spring saw. By the aid of the above-named solution, even the most brittle glass can be wrought almost as easily as brass, the cutting tools being kept constantly moist with the preparation.

James McAlister. For your pony's lameness try the result of rest and wet bandages, and also rub

FATE.

BY E. RENE CARROLL.

"Good-by!" my boyish lover said,
And lower bent his handsome head,
Till fresh, unsmiling lips pressed mine,
Unwillingly, unlovingly, and true—
While breaking heart and tear-stained face
Were sheltered in his strong embrace.

Ah me! how well I recall
The robin, singing on the wall;
From far-off fields, the oxen's low,
The apple-blossoms, that fell like snow,
The clear, brown eyes that leaned above,
And drew my answering glance of love.

He went from me to write his name
On Honor's scroll, in lines of flame;
To win for me, in Fate's despite,
A stately home, a future bright;
But, ship that bore him from the shore,
Was never seen by mortal, more.

"Adieu!" my courtly lover said,
And o'er my hand he bent his head,
My hand—whereon his jewels shone—
"I'll claim this soon, my love, my own!"
He left me smiling, blithe and gay;
I, calm and careless, turned away.

He came to claim my promised faith
Through stormy seas, from scenes of death,
And gave me all that wish could claim—
A stately home, an honored name;
All—yet 'twas far beyond his art,
To give me this—a happy heart!

For, how could heart or face be gay,
Remembering still that earlier day?
When far beneath some unknown sea,
The eyes that lighted life for me,
And faded from the earth and skies
The glow they wear to happy eyes.

Ah! even in my stately halls,
All day a step behind me dwells;
And often, in the moonless night,
A face arises, warm and bright;
More dear than all earth's faces seen,
The face that greets me in my dreams.

What the "Journal" Did.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"You are a curious girl, Netta."

"Am I? Pray what is it I have been doing now?"

Netta Helwyn looked up from her work—an elaborate smoking-cap it was, of rich, royal purple and brilliantly gleaming gold—with a smile on her pretty, girlish face and an expression half-roguish, half-deprecatory in her winsome brown eyes.

For answer, Lillie Vandyne pointed silently at the smoking-cap, over which Netta's deft fingers were flying. And then, Netta suddenly blushed.

"Oh! you mean I am curious because of Warner Dale? Why, where is the harm of my making him this cap for a philopena present?"

A spice of defiance in Netta's tones betrayed a greater interest at stake than she cared to manifest.

"A great deal of harm, Netta, considering that we all know so little good of Mr. Dale. But, you are a curious girl, I said."

Lillie's face was slightly clouded now, for she saw symptoms of her friend's hasty temper; then, with a charming cunningness, she suddenly changed her tactics.

"If there isn't Harry Emerson, Netta! Look up quick or you'll lose his bow!"

But, Miss Helwyn was in no special hurry, and so lost what Lillie was so anxious she should have.

"I would have looked up if it had been Mr. Dale," she said, and looked saucily at Lillie as she said it. "Because," she went on, with charming ingenuousness and her sweet face bent low over the gray wadded and braided, till she borrowed a pink tinge from her incarnadine cheeks—"truth to tell, Lillie, I don't care a snap for Harry Emerson any longer—not since I became acquainted with Warner—Mr. Dale, I mean. Harry is so old-fashioned and such a sobersides, and—"

"And so true and honest-hearted and upright! While Warner Dale, just because he is handsome as some Italian bandit, and romantic, and stylish, and a stranger with plenty of money to spend, has turned your head, and wounded poor Harry to the quick!"

Lillie had suddenly turned Netta's words from her lips, and in her impulsive, enthusiastic way drew a picture that was true to the life.

"Well," said Netta, after a while, and her voice was pitched in a dogged tone that Lillie knew it was useless to combat, "I presume I am the best judge of my own taste. And I decidedly prefer Mr. Warner Dale."

She began to work in her golden threads with a decisive air as if the matter were settled; and Lillie, with a grave little nod of her head, compressed her lips, and the subject tacitly dropped for the time.

Lillie Vandyne had told the truth when she described Warner Dale as being "handsome, romantic, stylish, a stranger with plenty of money to spend."

He was remarkably good-looking—in a certain dashing way that many persons admire—that little Netta Helwyn, who had read so many trashy novels, who had always sighed for some out-of-the-ordinary-way style of love and courtship, who had always firmly believed she would have a romance some time or other, enthusiastically admired.

He was well read and refined, or Netta would not have been so warm toward him—this bold, black-eyed gentleman who had so turned her foolish, wilful, tender little heart away from Harry Emerson.

Harry was "nowhere" nowadays. All the long, bright, sunshiny June days Netta was off with pleasure parties from the hotel, with Mr. Warner Dale for her devoted cavalier. And when the moonlight nights came, and poor, heavy-hearted Harry walked over to the Helwyn farm-house, hoping to find Netta alone, somewhere among the vines, where she used to go the last summertime when she thought Harry was coming, he would be dead sure to see Mr. Warner Dale and Netta sitting at one end of the veranda talking very low, and Netta with the blue ribbon of her guitar around her neck, while mother and father and neighbor Dodge were discussing some weighty question on the other end.

And yet, withal, Harry fairly worshiped Netta Helwyn. He knew, from the very bottom of his heart, that he would do any thing, every thing to recover her, and save her from marrying Warner Dale, who he knew was not just the kind of man she would like to have his sister marry, much less this girl he loved so himself, whose worse fault was that she was so wilfully blind.

What should Harry do? Then, like an inspiration, it occurred to him that there was a friend he had had a long time—ever since he and Netta had been such good friends. Harry remembered sundry bits of good advice given by this friend, and so he wrote to the "SATURDAY JOURNAL" and asked what course he had better pursue under the circumstances.

A manly, straightforward letter it was, just such a letter as perfectly revealed his fine character. And the answer he read, was manly, straightforward, sensible, kind, as became the adviser.

This answer, that we have all read, only, of course, no amount of money could bribe me to tell which special answer in SATURDAY JOURNAL's column I mean—this answer bade Harry keep on in the even tenor of his way and worry as little as possible. And if the girl's head was only a little dazed, her eyes would doubtless be opened in due season; but, if it was her heart that was captivated by this rival, and she openly avowed it, then Harry had every reason to congratulate himself on his escape.

So, with a consciousness that it was only Netta's head that was turned, Harry gladly accepted the good advice, and waited.

The first frosty breath of October had lent new glory to field and forest; and over the vivid brightness of the gay foliage that nodded in the fresh wind, poor little Netta Helwyn was looking with wistful, unrestful longing in her brown eyes.

It was the first shadow those bonny eyes had ever worn in all the fresh young life that had counted less than a score of times the leaves had fallen; now, with unshed tears making dense mists, Netta Helwyn was reaping the harvest that came from the seed she had sown.

It was a splendidly-written, elegantly, coldly-worded note she had read, and read, and read again that day; a note Warner Dale had written a moment before he paid his landlord's bill, and jumped aboard the city-bound train, never to return to the quiet country town where he had so cruelly wounded Netta Helwyn's heart, where he had taught her the bitter lesson of disappointed hopes.

It had been a fearfully-bitter draught for her lips to taste, and when Netta first discovered it—by this note—that she had only been a toy in Warner Dale's hands—a novel, pretty toy, to help amuse him during a summer's vacation—a toy he had tired of just in time—that he would forget, if so be his conscience would let him, as soon as busy city life engrossed him again—when little Netta, who had discarded Harry Emerson, who had more than once angered dear, faithful Lillie Vandyne, who had grieved mother and father by her perverseness, learned what it all had come to—simply a formal, careless "good-by" forever, from yours gratefully, Warner Nelson Dale—"she wondered if the chill in her heart would ever go away, or if the clouds that seemed to lower over all her future pathway could ever lighten.

And the worst of it was, she was obliged, for very shame's sake, to bear her burden alone. Any other trouble she would have told Lillie, or mother, or—or—Netta covered up her tear-swelled, crimson face with the shawl she had thrown over her shoulders—or Harry! Harry always was so sympathetic, and could so exactly appreciate her feelings, although in this particular case she hardly dared think of him.

She didn't know what to do, or where to turn. She only was conscious of one distinct feeling, and two indistinct wishes. And the feeling was, that she was the most forlorn girl in all the world, and the wishes were, that if she only had never had Warner Dale cross her path; if only she dared tell Harry Emerson all about it!

But she didn't dare; and then, sitting all cuddled up in the warm woolen shawl, in her frosty bedroom, something very like Madame Fate talked in, and Netta suddenly found herself pouring out her whole heart to—SATURDAY JOURNAL. What should she do? she asked; how could she mend matters? and then, as she never could have told Lillie Vandyne, or mother, or Harry either, she told this discreet adviser just how foolish she had been, how repentant she was.

How she waited for the next paper, and the next, and the third week she found what she wanted.

The paper had printed her sweet, touching story almost entire, and then, with terse kindness, added: "Show this to him."

How her heart was bounding as she leaned against the parlor window, reading, trying to decide to obey the dictates of her heart that coincided so well with the advice she had received! Should she, or should she not? and Madame Fate laughed in her sleeve as Harry Emerson passed by, just that minute, and his shadow fell over the paper Netta held.

And Netta suddenly tapped against the glass; her eyes were full of tears; her sweet red lips quivering, and Harry, as he came through the entry, felt the funniest lump in his throat.

And she showed him the paper; and then from his coat-pocket he took another, and showed it to her!

Need we tell the result?

Suffice it that there are two especial copies of the JOURNAL in Mrs. Harry Emerson's bureau-drawer, where she keeps her choicest treasures.

And in each paper, in a certain column, is a paragraph around which are heavy ink parentheses.

Netta's column I mean—this answer bade Harry keep on in the even tenor of his way and worry as little as possible. And if the girl's head was only a little dazed, her eyes would doubtless be opened in due season; but, if it was her heart that was captivated by this rival, and she openly avowed it, then Harry had every reason to congratulate himself on his escape.

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And the worst of it was, she was obliged, for very shame's sake, to bear her burden alone. Any other trouble she would have told Lillie, or mother, or—or—Netta covered up her tear-swelled, crimson face with the shawl she had thrown over her shoulders—or Harry! Harry always was so sympathetic, and could so exactly appreciate her feelings, although in this particular case she hardly dared think of him.

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The paper had printed her sweet, touching story almost entire, and then, with terse kindness, added: "Show this to him."

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the conjecture of a stranger to Spanish California.

With one accustomed to its fashions, the deduction would be different. Looking at the spurred seniorities upon the housetop, and seeing the saddled horses below, he will conclude that two of the latter will soon be mounted by the former; in the mode by which the famed Duchesse de Berri was accustomed to astonish the Parisians.

The other two horses having larger, and somewhat coarser, saddles, are evidently intended to be bestriden by gentlemen, so that the cavalcade will be symmetrically composed—two and two of each sex.

From their position the two observers can see the fast-increasing city of San Francisco, and the shipping in the harbor. This is north-east and a little to their left. Other vessels ride at anchor on the bay in front of them. But the war-ship that has been a topic of their conversation is anchored far out—in a southeasterly direction, and a little to their right.

Up to this time the eyes of both ladies—Carmen and Inez—have been continuously bent upon her, as if they expected to see a boat put off from her side. It is only on Inez casting a stray glance along the town road that she sees the two men, whose approach has changed the topic of conversation.

After delivering these speeches, so nearly alike in sound, yet so opposite in sentiment, they remain for a time silent, their eyes turned toward the approaching horsemen. These are still more than a mile off, and only distinguishable as two men mounted and wearing mangas—one scarlet, the other sky-blue.

Despite the distance, it is evident, from their speech, that the ladies have identified both. Still more when Dona Carmen, as if mechanically, pronounces the names:

"Francisco de Lara and Faustino Calderon." The frown that came over her face on first seeing them is still there. And stays, as she continues to speak of them.

"Do you think they are coming here?" she asks.

"It is very likely," rejoins Inez. "I should say almost certain."

"I wonder what can be bringing them—to-day of all days?"

"You need not wonder at that," says Inez, in jocular tone. "I can tell what one of them wants. Don Francisco's errand is to have a look at the mistress of this mansion."

"And Don Faustino's to have a look at her niece, no doubt."

"He's quite welcome to look at me till he strains his eyes," says Inez. "His looks won't make any impression upon me."

"I'm sorry I can't say the same of Don Francisco. His looks do make an impression on me, and one far from favorable."

"It wasn't always so, aunt."

"No, I admit that. I only wish it had been, for then I shouldn't need to fear him."

"Fear him! Surely you're not afraid of him?"

"Well, no—not exactly that—still—"

She answers slowly in disjointed phrases, as she speaks hanging her head. She has evidently some reason for reticence; some secret she hesitates disclosing.

A sudden change comes over her countenance, and leaning closer to Inez, she says:

"Sobrina, can I trust you with a confidence?"

"Why should you ask, tia? You've already intrusted me with one, in telling me you love Don Eduardo Crozier."

"Now I give you another in telling you I once loved Don Francisco de Lara."

"Indeed?"

"No, no," rejoins Carmen, quickly, and as if half repenting the confession. "Not loved him. That's not true. I only came very near it."

"And now?"

"I hate him!"

"But why do you hate him? What has changed you?"

"That's easily answered. Listen, and you shall have the explanation. When I first met him, I was younger than I am now. A mere girl, full of girlish fancies—romantic as called. They may not be gone yet, not all. But what remains no longer turn toward Francisco de Lara. I thought him handsome, and in a sense he is so. In person, you will admit he is all man may or need be—a Hyperion. But in soul—ah! there he is a satyr. I only discovered this when I became better acquainted with the man. Then I hated him; I hate him still."

"But why should you fear him?"

Carmen does not reply, promptly. Clearly she has not yet given the whole of her confidence. There is part of it held back.

Inez, whose sympathies are now enlisted, presses for the explanation. She does so entreatingly, in the language of affection.

"Carmen—dear Carmen—tell me what it is? Have you ever given him a claim to call you his novia?"

"Never! not any thing of the kind. He has no claim, nor I any compromise. The only thing I've reason to regret is having listened to some flattering speeches, without resenting them."

"Piff! what does that signify? Why, Don Faustino has flattered me some scores of times—called me all sorts of endearing names; does so whenever we two are together alone. I only laugh at him."

"Ah! Faustino Calderon is not Francisco de Lara. In your admirer there is a little of the ludicrous; in mine there is a great deal of danger. But let us cease discussing their characters. The question is, are they coming here?"

"I think there can be no question about it. They have no doubt heard that we are going away, and are about to honor us with a farewell visit."

"Would it were only that; but visit of whatever kind it is extremely ill-timed, and may be embarrassing."

"Let them come; who cares?—I don't."

"But I do. If father were at home I might not so much; but just now I don't desire to see Don Francisco alone, still less in the company of Don Eduardo. They're both demagogues in a different way, and sure there would be trouble between them."

"Let us hope that our friends from the ship will not arrive till our shore friends—or enemies, rather—have taken their departure."

"But they will; they are on the way now. Look yonder!"

She points to the man-of-war. There is a boat in the water, down under her side. The sun reflected from wet car-blades shows this boat to be in motion, as

A single glance gives this information to both of the cavaliers. Now they know why they could not be received. The señoritas are going out on a ride—a *paseo de campo*—along with their rivals!

The excursionists, of course, will have every opportunity of doing what they may desire. They will get separated two and two; and there can be no doubt as to how this partition will be made. Crozier to pair off with Carmen, the other with Inez. Thus they will ride unmolested, unobserved, converse without fear of being overheard, clasp hands without danger of being seen; perhaps exchange kisses!

Oh, the dire, damnable jealousy!

Frank Lara feels it in every vein. Don Faustino, too.

After gazing a while at the house, the horses and groom—at the preparations for mounting, made in a magnificent style—looking back, as Satan when expelled from Paradise—both spur down the hill, and are soon out of sight.

At its bottom they again halt, De Lara drawing up first. Facing to his companion, he says: "We're in for a fight, Faustino; both of us."

"Not both. I don't think I'm called upon to challenge that young *guardia-marina*. He's but a boy, without a single hair on his face."

"He's been man enough to insult you; and if I mistake not, you'll find him man enough to meet you. But, come; we're wasting time. A duel's a thing won't do to dream over. Do you intend to fight or not?" De Lara spoke in hot fervor and impatience, evidently angered at the other's apathy or cowardice.

"I'd rather not," replies Calderon, hesitatingly. "That is, if the thing can be arranged without. Do you think it can, De Lara?"

"Of course it can; your thing, as you call it. But not without disagreeing to you."

"Well, if you think I ought to call him out, and must, why, I suppose I must. But I never fired a pistol in my life, and am only second rate with the rapier. I can handle a *machete* with most, or a *cuchilla*; but these weapons won't be admitted in a duel between gentlemen. I suppose the sailor fellow claims to be one?"

"Undoubtedly he does; and with good reason. An officer belonging to an American man-of-war would call you out for questioning such a claim. But, come, Faustino! You use the small sword with considerable skill. I've seen you at Boberto's fencing school."

"Yes, I took lessons there."

"Well, let that be your weapon."

"But how can it, if I am to be the challenger?"

"You needn't be. There's a way to get over that. These fellows are not going straight back to their ship. They'll be in the town to-night for a cruise, as they call it, and you'll be sure to meet your man. Go up to him, and in some way insult him grossly. Give him a cuff, spit in his face, any thing; and then wait for him to challenge you."

"Carrando! I'll do as you say."

"That's right. Now let us think of what's before us. As we're both to be principals, we can't stand seconds to one another. I know one who'll act for me. Have you got a friend that will do the same for you?"

"Don Manuel Lozada; he's the only one I can think of."

"Don Manuel will do. He's a cool hand, and knows all the regulations of the duel. But he's not at home to-day. As I chance to know, he's gone to a *funcion de gallos* at Punta Arena, beyond the Dolores Mission. By this time he'll be in the cockpit."

"Why can't we go there? or had we better send?"

"Better send, I think. Time's precious; at least mine is. You know I must be at the *monte-ban* as soon as the lamps are lit. If I'm not, the bank will go begging, and we may lose half our customers. Besides, I have my own second to look up; which must be done before I lay hand upon the cards. What time is it? I've not got my watch with me."

"Twelve and a quarter past," answers Calderon, consulting his *reloja*.

"Only that. Then there's plenty of time for us to get to Punta Arena, and see a main or two. Don Manuel has a big bet on his *pardo*. I'd like to stake a doubloon or two myself on that same cock. Yes, on reflection, we'd better go ourselves. It'll be the surest way to secure the services of Lozada."

At this the two gamblers moved off, taking the road for Punta Arena.

Their jealous anger still unappeased, they spur their horses into a gallop, riding as if for life, on an errand of death!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 172.)

Cad's Correspondent.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"I've such a piece of news to tell you!" cried Lucia Payne, as she fluttered into the Densmore parlor like a whirlwind, one morning. "Such a piece of news! Lottie Harper's married!"

"You don't mean it?" cried little Cad Densmore, catching some of Lucia's enthusiasm over the prospect of fresh subject for gossip.

"But I do, though," answered Lucia. "You never could guess who to."

"Do tell," entreated Cad.

"A young man from the city; his name is Sherwin. Such a romantic affair, too. You know Lottie used to scribble for the papers a little. Well, this Sherwin found out her address at some newspaper office, and wrote to her. She answered his letter, and a correspondence sprang up between them, and the end of it is, they're married. It's just like a story, isn't it, for all the world?"

"Exactly," responded Cad. "If I could write stories, now, instead of poetry, I'd make it into an article for the next week's *Sentinel*. A story from real life; or, a true story; you know. Wouldn't that sound nice?"

"Of course it would," said Lucia, very decidedly. "But I must run over and tell the MacGregor girls. I thought I must tell you all about it, it's so romantic."

"Dear me," sighed Cad, after Lucia had gone, "how nice it must be to have a correspondent that one doesn't know any thing about. It's so much more interesting than to get letters from some one you know. I don't see why I can't have one. The next piece of poetry I send to the *Sentinel*, I'm going to put my post office address to, and see if some one won't write to me."

Cad sat down that very afternoon and wrote a piece of poetry for the village paper, signing her initials only, C. N. D., and adding the name of her post-office. This she sent off, hoping that it would attract somebody's attention and secure her a correspondent.

Cad could hardly believe her senses when Tom, her sixteen-year-old brother, brought her a letter about two weeks after that, addressed to "C. N. D." in a strange hand.

"It must be from some one who saw my poetry," cried Cad, with sparkling eyes; "do you suppose it is, Tom?"

"Open it and see," said Tom; "that's the best way to tell."

Full of eager impatience, Cad tore open the envelope, and drew out a sheet of paper closely

written over in a very peculiar, scratching hand.

"It's signed Kirk Wood," announced Cad, after an inspection of the last page—"pretty name, isn't it? And—yes—he does want to correspond with me, for he says, 'Having read some of your beautiful poems in the *Sentinel*, published in your village, I am anxious to know something of their fair authoress. The editor of that paper, with whom I have a slight acquaintance, told me that the writer of the poems, which I so much admired, was a charming young lady, but would not reveal her name. When the last one came out with the initials 'C. N. D.', attached, and the address of its author's post office, I resolved to write, and would like to correspond for the sake of mutual improvement, and a desire on my part to know more of the fair poetess.' Isn't it nice, Tom?"

"I don't see any remarkable indications of genius about it," answered Tom, trying hard to conceal an evident desire to laugh.

"I didn't mean any thing of that kind," said Cad, indignantly; "I meant the idea of having an unknown correspondent."

"Yes, very nice," answered Tom, hastening to make his exit. Something seemed to give him a good deal of amusement, for he made extraordinary nods and grimaces to the hat-rack, and went through a series of subdued chuckles, and ended by performing a double-shuffle on the door mat, ending with the declaration that he knew it was going to be jolly.

That evening Cad answered Mr. Kirk Wood's letter. In a week she had another from him. After that they came and went between them with great regularity, and Cad learned to look very impatiently for the letter from her unknown correspondent.

"It's so interesting," declared Cad to Tom, one day on his return from a trip to the city. She was in the parlor reading a letter from Mr. Wood when he came in.

"And he's interesting, too," answered Tom, looking wonderfully wise.

"Who?" asked Cad, all animation.

"Mr. Wood," answered Tom, laconically.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Cad, in great excitement, "do you know him?"

"He rode up from the city on the same train I did," answered Tom.

"Oh, Tom!" cried Cad, with eager eyes—"is that so? Tell me all about him. How does he look, and what did he say? Tell me, please."

"Well, don't quite strangle me," pleaded Tom, for Cad had given him a very coaxing kiss. "If you'll let me be I'll tell you about him. In the first place as to his looks," began Tom, with great gravity, "he's real handsome, Cad."

"I was sure of that," cried Cad, "because he writes such beautiful letters." Tom had to cough violently here, but he soon got his voice again.

"As I said, he's very handsome, and has a very intellectual look about him. You would know that he had a soul of genius, by a look into his eyes—beautiful eyes they are, Cad, I tell you. They fairly glow with the suppressed grandeur of his thoughts."

"How old is he?" queried Cad, breathlessly.

"Well, not more than twenty-two, I should think," answered Tom, with much deliberation.

"And what did he say?" asked Cad.

"Oh, a great deal," answered Tom; "he's very eloquent, splendid command of language, you know. He's destined to make his mark in the world. And he's educated, too. What he I don't know ain't worth knowing. I don't think I ever saw any one I liked better than I do Kirk Wood. We got quite intimate, you see."

"Oh, he must be just splendid, from your description of him," cried Cad, excitedly. "How I should like to see him!"

"Perhaps you'll have a chance," said Tom.

"He told me he was coming out here to stay a week or two, and he wanted to get acquainted with his charming correspondent."

"Did he say that—just in them words?" asked Cad, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes," answered Tom, solemnly. "He did."

"And he's coming here to stay a week or two!" said Cad, half in rapture. "Oh, Tom! did you tell him that his correspondent was your sister?"

"Of course not," said Tom. "I thought he might find that out when he came."

The very next letter Cad got from Mr. Wood informed her that he was coming out to Danly to spend a few days, and he should be pleased to have her tell him where to call and get acquainted with his unknown, but highly valued, correspondent.

Cad answered his letter and told him where to call, giving her name. Since they were to know each other, there was no use in keeping him longer behind her initials.

An answer came back promptly, saying that Mr. Wood would call on Miss Densmore at seven on Wednesday evening.

Such a time as Cad had getting ready for the reception of her visitor. She decided first to have her hair done up plainly; then to have it waved. The consequence of her lack of decision was that it was hardly according to either method. She finally decided to wear a white muslin, with blue flowers, though the cool evening weather made something thicker much more comfortable.

On account of an engagement Tom couldn't possibly be there when Mr. Wood made his call.

"It's too bad you can't," said Cad. "You're acquainted with him, you know, and it would make it more agreeable for all of us if you could be here."

"But I can't," said Tom, decidedly.

Cad flidgeted in the parlor long before seven. She shivered in her thin muslin till her teeth chattered, and she was sure she looked blue.

By and by a ring came at the door, and presently the servant ushered in a young man of medium height, arrayed in rather loose-fitting garments of somber black. He wore glasses, and had an enormous mustache. His hair was combed back sleekly over his ears, and gave him, if it had not been for the mustache, a decidedly reverend appearance.

"Dear me," thought Cad, "I don't call him very handsome, if Tom did. He didn't say any thing about his wearing spectacles, nor of his being such a solemn-looking person. I'm sure I didn't think it from his letters."

"Do I have the pleasure of seeing Miss Densmore, the poetess?" asked the young man, in a deep and solemn voice.

"I write poetry occasionally," answered Cad, beginning to feel nervous and fidgety before such a solemn person.

"My name is Wood, Kirk Wood," responded the young man, holding out his hand like a pump-handle. Cad supposed she must shake hands with him, so she gave him her hand. He gave it a very deliberate but vigorous shaking, and then proceeded to inform her how highly he was delighted to meet her.

Cad got him seated as quickly as possible. She didn't like to look at him with his trousers wrinkling about his boots, because they were six inches too long, and his coat hanging loosely about his arms and body. She was sure it was at least three sizes too large for him.

After a few mild remarks about the weather, Mr. Wood branched off onto other topics of conversation, and, finally—how, Cad couldn't tell—got around to love, and, before she knew

what he was about, he was there on his knees before her, and had hold of her hand, and was imploring her to be his.

"Oh, Mr. Wood!" cried Cad, in distress.

"Don't please; let me go," and Cad snatched away her hand so suddenly, and with so much force, that it jarred off Mr. Wood's spectacles. In falling they caught in his long mustache, and—Cad wondered if he was coming apart entirely!—it slipped down over his chin and hung suspended on his bosom by a couple of strings, which seemed fastened to his ears.

"Oh, oh!" shrieked Cad, giving one horrified look into the face uplifted to hers. "Tom Densmore, you wicked boy! How could you come here to impose on me in this way and pretend to be Mr. Wood? I'll tell Pa, as sure as I live!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried Tom, rolling and kicking about on the floor. "I never knew any thing so jolly in all my life. How do you like your correspondent now, Cad? Mr. Thomas Kirkwood Densmore at your service. Mr. Kirk Wood is a pretty name, isn't it? Oh, dear!" and Tom went off into a series of spasmodic laughter.

"You don't mean to say that you're Mr. Wood?" cried Cad, indignantly, and just ready to cry.

"But I do, though," answered Tom, holding his sides.

"You said he was handsome, and smart, and educated," sobbed Cad, "and there wasn't any such a man. You thought you were doing something very cunning, didn't you?"

"And ain't I smart and handsome, especially with the old gentleman's best clothes on, and a mustache? And don't I show the fires of genius in my eyes, say now? And ain't I educated like a book? Eh? And I'm safe in saying what I said before. I never knew any one I liked quite so well as I do your correspondent! Oh, dear! dear! But ain't I rich?"

Tom laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and he could laugh no more.

"Perhaps you think so?" sobbed Cad, her eyes flashing scorn through her tears. "But I don't. I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tom Densmore, deceiving me in that way!"

"I didn't mean to win your affections," said Tom, "but, if you really cared so much for Mr. Kirk Wood, we'll be married in the spring."

"Why don't you name the day, dearest?"

"Why don't you name the day?"

And Tom went off into another round of side-splitting merriment.

Cad gave him one look, which Tom afterward declared held the concentrated essence of scorn, and left the room.

To this day she doesn't like to hear about her unknown correspondent. Tom sometimes asks her if she has heard from that handsome, talented, educated Mr. Kirk Wood, but Cad answers that he died some time ago from softening of the brain.

Old Hurricane:

OR,

THE DUMB SPY OF THE DES MOINES.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLACK-HAWK LANDS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY," "IRON-SIDES," "THE DEATH-NOTCH," "THE DEATH-ROSTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MYSTERY OF THE DEMON.

"Thank God, we are out of the land of outlaws and savages—away from the scenes of Scarlet Death and his victims!"

Thus spoke Captain Ross Grove in a spirit of joy, as the boat resumed its downward course on the morning following the day of their embarkation for home.

During the first day Indians had been seen skulking along the shore, and our friends anticipated some trouble, but they were happily disappointed and permitted to pass undisturbed beyond the enemies' country.

Two men were kept constantly at the sweeps, being relieved every hour, and in this manner the boat was urged forward with considerable speed. However, it was a trip of considerable inactivity to friends, to be thus hampered and confined upon the boat. It is true many hours were spent in recounting their adventures in locating claims, and in listening to Old Hurricane and Noisy Nat, "spin their yarns." And the daring adventures of the Dumb Spy in Spain, proved the most thrilling of all the stories, told in Wild Dick's most popular vein.

"There is one thing," said Harry Dudley, during a lull in the general entertainments of story-telling and singing, "that I would have given a great deal to have had solved before we left Defiance, and that is the mystery connected with the Demon of the Des Moines."

"And here, too, Harry," responded Ross Grove, "there is something very singular about that avenger, and yet I can't help but think he is no more than a common human, possessed of a little more than common ability in some things."

"Boys," said Noisy Nat, "you are all mistaken, for I see'd the Demon that night the Indians got into the fort. I see'd it just as plain as wink. I see'd its horns and cloven feet, and I see'd balls of fire float outen its mouth, so I did."

"I think, Nat, you saw all that after the Indian struck you down."

"No, no," persisted Nat, "I'll swar I see'd it before. It's no use to 'em, boys, I see'd it!"

"Time 'll solve the mystery properly," said Old Hurricane, as if anxious to dismiss the subject.

"Yes," replied Ross Grove, "perhaps we will hear more of Scarlet Death when we go back to settle our hard-earned claims, purchased with the lives of two of our comrades."

"Wal, you can't say, boys," said Wild Dick, "but that Scarlet Death has favored you some."

"True, Dick; he has favored us on more than one occasion, and that is what makes me all the more desirous of knowing who or what the Demon is," said Ross Grove. "But, not changing the subject, boys, I opine the best days of Reckless Ralph and his cutthroats are about over. I shall court the favor of the law just for the privilege of leading a party of dragoons to the extermination of a good portion of the Dispute. Moreover, the information we possess will put an end to river-piracy above St. Louis, at least."

"Hello, there! a settlement!" suddenly shouted one of the men.

All eyes were turned shoreward, and as the boat rounded an abrupt bend the river, they saw a number of log cabins grouped together on the bluffs overlooking the stream.

"That's an old tradin'-post, boys," said Old Hurricane. "I stayed there a week once, and I found them a pretty reasonable set of fellers."

As they drew near the post, they saw three men come down the bluff and stop on the beach near where a small canoe was moored. One of them carried a traveling-bag.

They would glance toward our friends' craft, then at one another as though conversing about it. At length the man with the traveling-bag

stepped into the canoe before them, and taking up the paddle, headed directly toward the flatboat.

As he approached it was seen that he was dressed in a citizen's suit of black; and that he was a man of years, as his long, white hair and beard indicated.

The stranger hailed our friends and asked the permission of a moment's talk. It was granted, and he asked:

"May I inquire how far you are going down the river?"

"To the Mississippi, by this conveyance," replied Ross Grove.

"Are you loaded so that you would not take another passenger—myself?"

"If you desire to take passage with us, you can do so, although our accommodations are not of the best."

"Thank you," said the old man, kindly, and turning, he waved an adieu to those watching him on shore, then ran alongside of the raft, and was assisted aboard of it.

"This is a decided streak of good-luck, falling in with you, gentlemen," said the old man, with apparent joy. "I live in Illinois, and have been on a visit to my son, who is living at yonder trading-post. I was just starting home, and but for this streak of luck, getting in with you, I would have had to make the trip alone in a canoe. And now, if there is any thing I can do toward assisting along, let it be known, gentlemen."

"We have plenty of hands to run the boat, Mr.—"

"Henry Farnsworth," said the stranger.

"Farnsworth?" repeated Ross Grove. "Well, Mr. Farnsworth, try and make yourself perfectly at ease. We are all trying to enjoy ourselves the best we can after a fortnight of dangers and trouble."

"A pleasure-party, I would judge from the presence of those bright faces yonder," said Farnsworth, waving his hand toward the females, who were leaning over the side of the boat, gazing down into the water, and laughing and chatting merrily.

"We have been out on the Black Hawk Reserve, staking out claims," said Ross Grove, "and by a combination of events, those ladies were thrown into our company."

"I was not aware of the whites being allowed to pre-empt land on the Black Hawk Reserve, at least, not until after next May."

"We were fortunate enough to get a permit of Black Hawk himself, to select and stake out our claims, to be entered when the Indians' title expires, but it cost us a deal of fighting and trouble."

"I see you are prepared for fighting," said Mr. Farnsworth, with a significant glance at the howitzer.

"We captured that from our enemies," said Ross Grove.

"Indeed?" said the old man; "have the Aborigines become so far advanced in civilized warfare as to possess cannon?"

"No; we took that from a nest of outlaws."

At this juncture Camilla joined her husband, and introduced her to the new passenger; as he did also a number of his companions.

The old gentleman now mingled with the party in general, though he had but little to say, being of a still, retiring disposition. The captain noticed, however, that he was a very close observer, examining every thing about the boat very minutely. And when Wild Dick was addressed, in a jocular manner, as the Dumb Spy, it was observed that the stranger manifested more than ordinary curiosity; and at times his eyes were seen to be fixed, first upon Wild Dick, then upon his mute brother, Witless Seth, with a strange expression.

To still add to the curiosity of the captain, he noticed that the eyes of Witless Seth followed the form of the stranger almost constantly, when his—the stranger's—face was turned.

However, he thought this might all come of nothing more than simple curiosity, and thought but little about it until Old Hurricane came up, and, plucking him aside, said:

"Captain, have you noticed how that old gentleman watches Wild Dick and Witless Seth, and how the latter dogs the steps of the stranger 'bout the boat?"

"I have remarked to myself about the fact, and came to the conclusion that, if there was any thing more than simple curiosity about it, some of the rest would notice it also."

At this juncture Harry Dudley approached and said:

"Boys, have you noticed any peculiarities about Witless Seth since that old gentleman came aboard of our boat?"

"But here comes Noisy Nat; let's see what he has to offer."

"Talkin' privacy, boys?" asked the hunter, coming up. "Well, then, I'm o' the opinion that's sumthin' goin' to happen aboard o' this boat. I never see'd a human bein' look so much like a tiger as that Witless Seth does sometimes, when that stranger's back is turned. Why, his eyes turn green and his fingers clutch and twitch like claws—see! look at him now!"

All turned, and were not a little surprised by what they saw. Henry Farnsworth stood leaning on the gunwale of the boat, gazing shoreward, in a kind of mental abstraction. Behind him, and a little to one side, stood the mute, Witless Seth, his eyes fixed upon the old man with a fearful gaze. His form was crouched like that of a tiger, one foot being placed in advance of the other, as preparing to spring upon Farnsworth.

"By the gods of Olympus!" exclaimed Old Hurricane, "he's goin' for the ole stranger—there—look!"

They saw a round ball drop from the sleeve of the mute into his hand, then he drew back his arm and threw the ball with all his power at the head of the stranger.

A cry rent the air, and Henry Farnsworth staggered and fell heavily to the deck, a death-groan pealing from his lips.

"My God, the mute has murdered him!" cried Captain Ross Grove, springing to the fallen man's side.

But, Witless Seth was there before him, and, stooping, he tore a mass of false whiskers and hair from the face and head of the fallen man, and those who had known him gazed upon the face of Reckless Ralph, the outlaw captain!

The villain was just breathing his last, and a sudden cry of surprise burst from the claim-stakers' lips when Wild Dick turned the head of the outlaw, revealing to them the death-mark of Scarlet Death.

"By heaven!" cried Ross Grove, "the mystery is explained! Witless Seth, the Mute, is Scarlet Death, the Demon of the Des Moines!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

For several minutes great consternation prevailed aboard the boat. The discoveries of Farnsworth being the outlaw chief, and Witless Seth, the mute, being the terrible Scarlet Death, had shocked the party with surprise and astonishment. But all finally became quieted down, and the boat moved on as usual.

WOULD THOU COULDST SEE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Would thou couldst see mirrored in mine eyes
The words my throbbing heart would say,
But unpronounced each word hidden lies,
Which through Love's labyrinth lost its way.

Each fond affection that lives for thee,
Yes, each tender thought that to thee flies—
When thou art far and I think of thee—
Would thou couldst see them mirrored in mine eyes.

Would thou couldst see mirrored in mine eyes
The love in my heart for thee I hold;
Thy vow I shall swear shall reach the skies—
For thee its strength shall grow doublefold.

If the world were cold and thou alone,
And I saw thee in anguish and cries,
Were every heart as hard as a stone,
Then pity were mirrored in mine eyes.

Would thou couldst see mirrored in mine eyes
Each kind feeling that springs from my heart,
In thy complaint they would soothe thy sighs—
Thou wouldst think we no'er could live apart.

And, when age crowns my once youthful brow,
Shouldst be with me, when my last hour dies,
And thou, too, older in years than now,
It were sweet to have these close mine eyes!

A Brush with "Roadmen."

BY FREDERICK DEWEY.

"GENTS," said our driver, as the coach creaked up a long ascent, "here is the place where I had the three-mile dash two years ago."

"What dash?" inquired Pepper.

"The brush with the notorious roadmen, Slim Pete."

"Who was Slim Pete?"

"Pepper!" I commanded, sternly. "Don't ask questions and perhaps the driver will tell the story. I am sure it must be interesting. Now don't intrude, Pepper. Remember young men should be seen, not heard."

"I am dumb!" He was an obedient knave, that Pepper, only a trifle too prying and inquisitive.

The driver smiled and continued:

"Now, gentlemen, please notice the country behind us. You see it is level prairie for two miles back, and then there is a big 'draw,' or gully, where we stalled in the mud awhile ago. Over this hill, as you will see when we reach the summit, it is principally timber. Well, I was driving on this same route then, between the last station, Barker's Creek, and Brown's Ranch. That was before Kansas was settled much. Well, one afternoon I took the reins from Sandy Moore at Brown's, and drove off with one passenger, a heavy-set, sturdy man. He looked as if he had roughed it considerably, as he was tanned up, and his clothes were made for hard wear."

"He was evidently about fifty and very nervous."

"He appeared to be expecting some person to overtake him, as he frequently glanced over his shoulder."

"After we had gone about five miles he became more restless and fidgety, and kept looking back every minute. I thought he was expecting a friend, and wishing to have a talk, I spoke to him."

"Expecting some one?"

"Yes! that is to say, no."

"I thought you were, as you looked back so often."

"I have a good cause to look back."

"Yes?" I answered, Yankee fashion.

"He touched me on the shoulder and looked keenly at me."

"Driver, are there any desperate men in this region?"

"Plenty. You have heard of Slim Pete. Well, he is about here somewhere, though he generally keeps dark."

"He appeared relieved, and began to whistle 'Dan Tucker.' All at once he spoke out again right to the point, as before."

"Driver, there is a man following me."

"Ha!" thinks I. "He does expect some one." I asked aloud: "Who?"

"That is the question. I don't know," and he looked uneasily around. I saw he was scared at something and tried to ease his mind."

"Oh, no!" says I. "I guess not."

"But I know it. See here, driver, I might as well tell you. I have money with me, and not a small amount either. It is ten thousand dollars."

"There was a man at the last station saw me pull out a sum of money from which I paid for my dinner, and I'll stake my life he is skulking through the bushes after me. I saw him. Yes, sir! only a few minutes ago. Did you see a short man with long black hair and mustache, leaning against the door as we drove away from the station?"

"Yes," I remembered seeing a stranger at the ranch. I had seen him before, though to tell you, I couldn't, to save my life. I was trying to recollect, when he touched my elbow and whispered:

"Look back!"

"I turned and saw a horseman ride into a clump of bushes half a mile behind."

"He's after me, I am sure! drive on, and let us get to the next station or I'll lose my money."

"Nonsense," said I. "If he wanted your money he wouldn't show himself so plain. Robbers are sly."

"I don't care for that! I know he is after my money." He glanced over his shoulder uneasily, as he said this, and was really alarmed. We had arrived to the top of a hill, the summit on which we are now. "Well, boys! Now, gentlemen, look behind and notice that clump of trees off to the left while I go on with the story."

"When we had arrived here at the top, he suddenly exclaimed:

"See! yonder is another horseman, stealing along the edge of that clump of trees."

"He pointed to the timber at which you are now looking. Sure enough a man was stealing through the bushes on the border of the wood. Though quite far away I could see he was tall and slender, and mounted on a cream-colored horse."

"When I knew as soon as I saw him it was Slim Pete on his cream mare. My passenger was in a fix sure enough, and without any more talk I whipped up and started down the hill on a gallop. As soon as the horseman saw this movement he dashed out of the timber and galloped toward the coach. I looked back for the man behind."

"Instead of one man there were two, both coming with their horses on the keen jump as if to overtake us."

"I now saw mischief, and laid the lash on the leaders, and we fairly flew down the hill. If they meant robbery, nothing but speed would save us, as the passenger was almost out of his wits and fit for nothing."

"Here we were, pushing for Barker's with two desperate men on swift horses behind us, and one in front, trying to 'head us off.'"

"Drive on!" yelled my passenger, nearly crazy with fear. "Drive on! give me the whip!"

"I tried to take it from my hand."

"Leave it alone!" I shouted, getting excited myself. "Let it be, or I will strike you with it."

I am driving this team." He drew back, shivering.

"Thank the Lord we were going down-hill, and mighty fast too. But Pete was gaining on us."

"He was running at right-angles to us and evidently striving to get in our front. There was a gully which ran parallel with the road for several miles. It was broad and deep. In order to 'head' us, Pete would have to leap the gully. He saw it, and knowing the width spurred his horse to the leap."

"Few horses could have cleared it, but Pete's mare was the best animal in Northern Kansas, and when I saw him gallop toward it I gave up all hope."

"We had just got to the bottom of the hill when Pete was rushing for the gully. Bending until his head nearly touched the horse's neck, he drove his spur into her flanks, gave a wild whoop, and then—the horse and rider were rolling in the bottom of the gully. The bank had given way under the mare's feet."

"Ha! I stopped my horses and sprang to the ground, calling to the passenger to follow. Drawing my bowie (we all carried them then, sir), I hastily cut the leaders' traces and checked lines, and told the man to mount one of the horses. We had no time to waste, for the men behind were coming down the hill like the wind and Slim Pete was remounting on this side of the gully. The robbers were in dead earnest and meant to catch us, but we were not to be strided the leaders, two fine young horses with light heels."

"In less time than it takes to tell it, the whole five of us were flying over the prairie, robbers, driver and passenger, all urging their horses to their best speed. We could hear our pursuers howl as we abandoned the coach, and we knew from that there was no hope for either of us if once captured. The thought of this surged in my brain, and I hastily devised a plan for outwitting the ruffians. I knew our horses were no match for theirs, and that in two miles we should be certainly overtaken or shot down in our saddles. Thank Heaven they were not near enough to shoot yet, and all I wanted was to keep this distance ahead of them until I reached the gully, where my plan was to be put in execution. The plan was this:

"The road, when it entered the gully, was so narrow that horsemen on a gallop would have to pass through the gully single file. We would take our stand on the opposite side and we could easily pick off two, at least, and while only one would have a chance to shoot."

"We were only a few yards from the gully now, and we dashed forward, feeling sure of the result. In a few moments we had drawn up on a bank commanding the road through the gully, and were waiting with cocked revolvers for the issue."

"We had not long to wait. On they came, swearing and brandishing their revolvers, and recklessly tore into the gully, 'neck or nothing.'"

"I glanced at my companion, and was astonished. He was cool as a norther, and firm as a stone-wall, now that it came right down to a question of nerve. He was as steady as a stuffed bear."

"I will shoot first," I said, and when Slim Pete, who was in the lead, commenced to climb the bank, I let drive. At the same time his mare stumbled and fell, and Slim Pete, with a wild cry, threw up his arms and fell with the mare—falling under her."

"At the same time my companion fired, and the next man went tumbling out of his saddle, while his horse fell over the cream mare. The third man was riding so fast and was so close behind, he could not stop in time, and his horse stumbled and fell heavily over the other two, crushing his rider as he fell."

"Dispatching the traveler to Barker's for assistance, I cautiously walked into the gully, with my revolver in readiness for use. But there was no necessity for it now, as they were all severely wounded, either by falling or by our bullets. When the men arrived from Barker's, they were all lifeless."

"Thus was broken up the most feared band of roadmen of northern Kansas. When the traveler left for the east next morning, I was richer by several hundred dollars. That is all, gentlemen."

"That is all!" quoth Pepper; "it would be enough for me, I am sure."

Under the Ice;

OR,

A GIRL'S LESSON.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

SOME young women are too fond of testing the gallantry of their lovers.

Susan Morril, daughter of Captain Morril, stout skipper of a stout whaler, had a lover in the person of Henry Branton—the first officer of her father's craft.

Henry was a fine, stalwart young fellow, who could throw a harpoon much further than most men, and for that reason was a favorite with the skipper, for whom he had struck over thirty whales since leaving New Bedford.

He had gone out as harpooner, but had since been promoted to his present position.

Susan, who was a strong, active-limbed young Nantucket woman, with dark eyes, ruddy brown cheeks, and a ringing voice that might have been heard all through the ship, was betrothed to Henry, when the vessel entered the Arctic Ocean for bowheads (a species of whale) in the year 18—.

The girl was nothing of a coquette, and yet there was mischief enough in her nature to prompt her to put her stout lover to as much trouble as possible.

Sometimes, just as he was about going forward to issue an order, he would hear a plaintive "Oh!" and, on turning, would perceive that her foot was caught in a coil of rope or something of that sort.

Of course he would stop to disengage the foot—not an unpleasant task—and would then attempt to go forward. Not ten steps would he take when he would hear that "Oh!" again, and would perceive that she had dropped the little penknife, with a walrus-bone handle, made by himself, and given to her as a love-token.

To run and pick it up for her, and present it smilingly, was, with Henry, a matter of course. Susan, who loved to be thus waited on, would blush and look charming, saying:

"Thank you; but I'm so sorry to trouble you!"

He would move off the second time, when "Oh, dear me!" would break from Susan, in a voice too plaintive to resist.

Henry would then turn and give chase to her head, which he would discover had blown off her head, and was rolling along toward the hog-pen.

Having rescued and replaced the hat on the head of its owner, he would be permitted this time to go about his business, leaving Susan leaning over the rail, chuckling inwardly with the satisfaction of having such a faithful servant.

It must be understood that Susan had purposely dropped her hat from her head, her pen-

knife from her hand, and got her foot entangled in the coil of rope—simply for the pleasure of making her "knight" wait on her.

One afternoon the vessel was standing along under double-reefed top-sails past a floe of ice, and within about a foot of the edge. All along the length of half a mile, the floe was flat and nearly level with the sea, but, six or seven feet back from the edge, there was a row of ice-peaks from twelve to twenty feet in height, beyond which the sailors believed there was an open channel of water.

Susan and Henry stood chatting by the rail. Suddenly Susan, walking forward as far as the waist, leaned over the rail, with a smile, as if she were looking at a seal or something else on the ice.

Holding her morocco pocket-book in the hand which hung over the rail, it suddenly dropped from her fingers upon the ice.

"Oh, my pocket-book!" she cried.

In an instant Henry, as active as a panther, was in the mizen-chains (which are on the outside of the ship), leaning far over, his left hand grasping one of the iron channels, his other stretched, as he leaned far down, to seize the pocket-book.

His position was a perilous one. He made a frantic effort to grasp the pocket-book as the vessel was drifting past it; but it was beyond his reach, and his efforts causing him to lose his balance, away he went, headlong into the sea.

A shriek from Susan and the hoarse cry of the captain, who had witnessed all,

"Man overboard! Back main-yard! Down larboard boat!"

He was obeyed, but nothing was seen of Henry. Although he was known to be a good swimmer, yet he was not seen to rise again.

The men, horror-stricken, looked into each other's faces. The accident was so sudden—the result so unexpected—for all had thought they would see the young mate come up, after his plunge—that every man was speechless.

The captain first found voice.

"He has been drawn under—caught under the ice!" he gasped. "We will never see him again!"

He returned aboard.

"Father!" gasped Susan, staggering toward him, as white as death. "Father! I—I—"

She could say no more. Like a lump of ice, she fell senseless to the deck.

She returned to consciousness, shrieking:

"Where is Henry?—my Henry?"

Her father sat by the berth in which she had been laid.

"Compose yourself, my child!"

"Bring me Henry or kill me!" she answered, piteously.

"You will never see him again; he is drowned!"

She moaned in her agony; then she started up, shrieking, quickly:

"Father, I am his murderer!"

"No—no—it was not your fault! You could not help dropping your pocket-book, nor prevent his trying to get it!" answered the captain.

"Yes, I could. I dropped it on purpose, just to see him get it for me; but I did not dream of his falling underboard!"

She sunk back on her couch; her father could hear her heart beat.

"She'll not live two days if she goes on this way," he thought.

In fact, the knowledge that it was her own "foolish vanity," as she now called it, which had brought about her lover's death, threatened to throw her into a brain fever.

All that night she lay raving in a delirium, calling on every person she saw to bring her Henry back to her under the ice.

"My God, Winton!" said the captain to his second mate, a Gayheader, and who also was a sort of rough sea doctor, "she can't live if she goes on this way."

"No, sir, not forty hours!"

"Can't you think of any thing to save her?"

"Nothing—nothing would save her but the appearance of her lover before her."

At dawn Susan was very low.

Suddenly a prolonged cry, that made the captain jump as if he was shot—that thrilled like an electric shock every man aboard—was heard coming down from the mainmast.

"Ho, there, ho-o-o-o! Signal off there in the ice!"

Sure enough a white kerchief was seen far away, waving from one of the ice-peaks, about opposite the place of the accident on the day before.

The captain's boat was down in a twinkling, and, well manned, it went toward its destination.

Soon it struck the edge of the ice-floe; the men scrambled out and ran along, clambering the ice-peaks, upon which waved the kerchief.

Looking down, they then beheld Henry Branton, lying, half-frozen and senseless at the base of the cliff near the channel opening in the ice.

They picked him up and soon had him in the boat, with a flask of brandy to his lips. The liquid revived him, so that he could tell his story. He had come up under the ice after he fell. Feeling the contact, he struck out, as he thought, toward the open water below the edge of the floe.

On the contrary, he went in the opposite direction, and came up in the channel beyond the ice-peak.

He was so exhausted that for several minutes he could not speak. Then he shouted, but the thickness of the ice wall prevented his being heard. He had remained there all night. Toward dawn he had crawled to the top of the ice-peak, with what little strength was left to his unburied frame, and had fastened his kerchief to the summit, as shown. Unable to maintain his position, he slipped down to the bottom of the elevation, feeling so cold and exhausted that he almost doubted he would live to be picked up.

There is little to add.

When brought aboard and presented to Susan, the young woman, clasping him in a frantic embrace, kissed him again, and again, and while she begged him to forgive her, the roses came back to her cheeks.

She is now married to Branton, and is a happy woman, but she has given up testing his gallantry, having profited by, and being never able to forget, her TERRIBLE LESSON.

Tales of the Border.

How Charlie Dunlap Won his Wife.

BY CAPT. BRUN ADAMS.

WITHIN the walls of Fort Laramie all were joyous, for it was a night devoted especially to festivity.

In every possible nook and corner lights had been placed, candles, ingeniously constructed paper lanterns, and even torches, being brought into use, so that the usually somber interior might be made to wear a holiday appearance.

The post band, elevated upon a substantial platform, which had likewise been gayly decorated, discoursed their choicest pieces with a vim that showed them to be heartily engaged in rendering their part of the performance with

honor to themselves and pleasure to those who listened.

That night a ball, given by the officers in honor of the arrival of the commandant and his young bride, was in progress; and as no expense or labor had been spared, it was, in the language of one of the younger managers, "bound to be a big thing."

Col. M.—had, a few days previous, returned from the East, where he had been to claim the hand of one long promised him, and as he was universally respected—more than that, beloved—by those whose fortune it was to serve under him, this fitting testimonial had been prepared.

Accompanying the colonel and his wife, was the younger sister of the latter, a fair-haired blonde, very beautiful, charmingly graceful, and almost as a matter of course, an uncompromising coquette.

But half a dozen days had elapsed since her arrival, and yet in that short time she had completely bewitched every unmarried man in the fort.

Of two of these especially it becomes necessary for me to speak.

From the first moment of meeting, Lieutenant Ingraham had shown unmistakable signs of being in the toils; but even his case, bad as it was, grew almost insignificant beside that of his bosom companion and sworn friend, Charlie Dunlap.

Of the two the former was possessed of the real passion. He truly loved the beautiful girl, loved her with that deep devotion which must always exist when the feeling is genuine.

The ball had been in progress for several hours, and the dancers were beginning to show signs of fatigue, when, by a happy, or rather unhappy inspiration, Charlie Dunlap—no one ever thought of addressing him by his title—proposed to forsake the heated ball-room for the refreshing coolness and quiet beauty of a stroll by moonlight on the river bank. He had been dancing the last quadrille with Grace Hawthorn, and seized the moment as propitious for securing her as his companion for the walk, but the other lover had been watching and waiting near at hand, and the moment the bustle succeeding the novel proposition had subsided, his quiet voice at Dunlap's elbow, roused that gentleman from his dream of anticipated bliss.

"Would Miss Hawthorn accept his arm for a walk by the river?" a merry response, accompanied by a half-regretful look at her late partner, and Lieutenant Dunlap found himself alone, but with the memory of that last look vividly before his eyes.

Outside the full moon shed her radiance upon river, open plain, and distant forest with almost noontide brightness.

The scene by daylight was somewhat monotonous, but under the influence of the moonlight it looked far more pleasing, especially as there was a touch of the romantic thrown over the whole. The young people took each their own path, led hither or thither as fancy dictated, and consequently it was not long before they were scattered over the plain, up and down the river's bank, from the fort to the belt of timber that lay some distance below.

Lieutenant Ingraham and Miss Hawthorn were among the first who left the gate of the post, and, deeply engaged in conversation, they wandered on, further and further, until coming beneath the shadows cast by the forest, they glanced hastily around, and found that they were entirely alone, and some distance from the fort.

When left alone, Charlie Dunlap had desolately sought the river. Alone, disliking the thought of any other partner than the object of his present devotion, and contenting himself with watching, from afar off, her figure, as dimly seen through the moonlight.

At a point half-way between the fort and the point where Ingraham and the young lady had paused, the young officer stopped and seating himself upon a rock, looked out over the water, and into the dark shadows of the forest on the further side.

He had not been so employed many moments when a series of screams, evidently uttered by a woman's voice, broke upon the silence of the night; the loud shouts of a man, two or three shots delivered in rapid succession, and then all again became still.

What could it mean? the young man asked himself, as he sprang hurriedly to his feet.

The sounds had come from the direction of the forest, and thither he ran as rapidly as possible, drawing his revolver as he went.

In a few minutes Dunlap stood where he had seen Ingraham and Miss Hawthorn last, panting with the violent exertion of the race, his heart beating loudly with the terrible fear that something had happened to her.

His fears were only too well grounded. A low groan, from almost at his feet, attracted his attention, and stooping to peer under the overhanging branches of the thicket near at hand, he beheld the outstretched form of his friend, motionless, and apparently dead. Miss Hawthorn was nowhere to be seen.

Pushing the clinging boughs and branches aside, he lifted the senseless body, and bore it out into the moonlight. Ingraham's face was deadly pale, and from a ghastly wound in the temple the life-blood was streaming in torrents. As Dunlap shouted for help, and saw the others hurrying toward the spot, another sound, one that caused him to drop the head he was supporting on his knee, and start to his feet, fell upon his ear.

It was a piercing cry for help, and came from beneath the precipitous bank that, at this point, rose above the river.

Without an instant's pause, the gallant fellow sprang to the verge of the precipice and looked down upon a sight that almost bereft him of motion.

A large canoe, in which were four Indian warriors, and in their midst the struggling form of Grace Hawthorn, was just on the point of pushing out from the shore.

He saw that he could not fire without imminent danger to the young girl.

His determination was rapidly taken, and as rapidly executed.

Measuring the distance with an unerring eye, he shouted to the captive to be of good heart, and then took the fearful leap.

Fall upon the shoulders of a brawny savage he lit, crushing him to the bottom of the boat, while he himself fell forward into the arms of another warrior who was seated just behind.

But even in this trying moment the young man did not, for a second, lose his presence of mind. As with a slight yell of exultation, the Indian threw his arms about the form of his assailant, the revolver was used, and with fatal effect, the muzzle being pressed against the very heart of the savage.

But two now remained, and these, thoroughly infuriated, threw themselves upon Dunlap, seeking to use their long scalping-knives.

But their very haste, and the confined space in which they stood, prevented or obstructed their movements to a great extent.

The third Indian quickly fell, shot through the forehead, and then came the death-grapple as the remaining one closed with his determined foe.

In the scuffle Dunlap dropped his pistol, and was then compelled to resort to main strength to complete the victory.

Grasping the wrist of the arm in which the

Indian held his knife, he seized with his other hand the savage's throat, and strove to hurl him overboard.

It will be remembered that these events occupied but a few seconds of time, much less than it has taken to narrate them, so that when the others, who had hastened forward with all speed, arrived on the bank above, they were just in time to see the two combatants fall over the edge of the boat, and disappear beneath the surface.

It seemed to the watchers, two of whom had leaped down the bank and stood ready to grasp Dunlap, should he rise, that both must surely have perished beneath the flood, so long did they remain from sight.

Grace Hawthorn had borne up bravely under the terrible ordeal, and now, with tender hands and tearful eyes, she sought to restore animation to the brave man who had perished, and perhaps sacrificed, his life for her.

And she was rewarded by soon seeing Dunlap open his eyes, and after glancing hastily around, as though to assure himself of her safety, closed them again with a happy smile.

Poor Ingraham was dead. The tomahawk, wielded by a powerful hand, had dealt a fatal blow.

It seemed that three of the Indians had made the attack in front, while two others assailed him from the rear.

One of the former had killed, and another was wounded before the blow from the rear was struck.

What followed the reader knows, but that he may also know that the gallant Dunlap met his reward, I copy an item that appeared in one of the Western papers, the following winter:

"Married, at Fort Laramie, on the Oct., 18—, by the Rev. —, Lieut. Charles Dunlap to Miss Grace Hawthorn."

Care for Hydrophobia.—A Pennsylvania doctor gives what he calls an infallible remedy for hydrophobia. He says:

"A dose for a horse or cow should be about four times as great as for a person. It is not too late to give the medicine any time before the spasms come on. The first dose for a person is one and a half ounce of elecampane root, bruised, put in a pint of new milk, reduced to one-half by boiling, then taken all at one dose in the morning, fasting until afternoon, or at least a very light diet after several hours have elapsed. The second dose the same as the first, except take two ounces of the root; third dose same as the last, to be taken every other day. Three doses are all that is needed, and there need be no fear."

"This I know from my own experience, and I know of a number of other cases where it has been entirely successful. This is no guesswork. These persons that I allude to have been bitten by their own rabid dogs, that had been bitten by rabid dogs, and were penned up to see if they would go mad; they did go mad, and did bite the persons. This remedy has been used in

A SAD CASE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Life was to him the hardest row
On which he ever rode,
Care ever on him hung, and lo
It was a heavy load.
And everywhere that he would go
It spurred him like a goad.
He had full many things to rue
For he had been quite rude,
With every one except a few
He'd been in a feud.
Yet why he'd been in a stew
He never understood.
In others' business to pry
He always took a pride;
He never was known to give a sigh
To sufferers at his side,
And always took a drop of rue
When he would take a ride.
He never bowed a plaintive knee
When he was in sore need,
Nor gave a very generous fee
For all his earthly need.
And trusted might but fate, which we
Consider but a weed.
He often touched the flowing bowl
To make his spirits bold,
Nor scorned to make his earthly goal
Of bright and yellow gold,
And though his boots had ne'er a sole,
No one was harder-soled.
He always listened, as I knew,
To other people's news,
And strove not as some people do
To give all men their dues;
And sometimes tried his hand at loo,
As which he'd often lose.
Against the rights of men he'd war
Impetuously and warm,
He saw the poor down-trodden are,
But never gave his arm.
Nor longed to see each, near and far,
Possess a goodly farm.
To scan the faults of other men
He deemed that he was meant,
While friends he had but one in ten
He had but one intent—
Ever to make his heart a pen
And keep his feelings pent.
The ills that often crossed his way
Broke o'er him like a flood,
And long before his head was gray
He went into the wood,
And all that we could do or say
Is powerless to save.

Strange Stories.

THE LADY OF THE GLEN.
A Legend of Glenfinlas.

BY AGILE PENNE.

By Moneira's sullen brook, in the deep Glenfinlas glen, within a cabin rude, reposed two highland chieftains, Lord Ronald, Glenartney's stalwart tree, and moody May, Clangillan's lord.
Better soldier than joyous Lord Ronald never drew broad claymore or bent the Scottish yero. Lenny's Pass, by the Teith's resounding shore, had seen the rush of Ronald's clan and the flight of the lowland chieftains before the fierce array.
And dark-browed May, last of Clangillan's mighty line, in Colamba's mystic isle, the Seer's prophetic spirit had found. Full many a spell of earth and air to him was known, which wandering spirits shrunk to hear. 'Twas said, that oft in mystic mood high converse with the dead he held and oft espied the faded shroud that would some future corpse enfold. To him the gift of second sight was given.
A guest within Lord Ronald's halls, with that noble chief for three days, had gloomy May chased the red deer along Glenfinlas' gray sides, and now, in the hunting lodge, deep within the glen, the two reposed.
The watch-fire burned upon the hearth, and pleasure laughed in Ronald's eyes, as many a pledge of mountain dew he quaffed to May, who, gloomy and reserved, wrapped in his plaid, glowered over the burning facots.
"May, a secret to thee I'll tell," Lord Ronald abruptly said. "To chase the deer along the mountain's side this morning two girls, the fairest of our highland maids, left their father's castle, the daughters of the proud Glengyle. Long have I sought to win the love of the youngest of the twain, fair Mary, but in vain the lover's wily art beneath a sister's watchful eye; but thou mayest teach that watchful maid of other hearts to cease her care and make her mindful of her own. Touch but their harp and thou shalt see the lovely Flora, unmindful of aught else, hang on thy notes, her face 'twixt tear and smile."
Mourful was the smile of May, and slowly he shook his head.
"Since Enrick's fight and gentle Morna's death, no more for me the melting kiss or yielding eye," he sadly said. "And then, in that hour of anguish wild, on me the Seer's sad spirit came; to dash all hope of joy, the gift to me was given the future life to know. The bark thou saw on a summer morn part from the sand of Othan's shore, mine eyes beheld, wrecked and torn on rocky Colonsay. And Fergus, too, thy sister's son; you saw him as forth he marched in gallant pride against the Laird of Downe. You saw the tartans wave as down the wooded pass they wound and heard the pibroch's shrill note and the target's clanking sound; I heard the groans and marked the tears, saw the wound his bosom bore, when on the Saxon's serried steel he poured his clan's resistless rush. And now, when thou bidst me think of bliss and woman's lovely charms, my heart, oh, Ronald, bleeds for thee. I see the death-damps gathering on thy brow, I hear thy anguished cry; before my eyes the corpse lights dance, and now—the vision's o'er."
Slowly May closed his blazing eyes, and with his tartan wiped away the bead-like drops which clustered on his brow.
But Ronald's blood beat high in every vein, and he laughed to scorn the Seer's prophetic words.
"Sad prophet of an evil hour, enjoy thy dreams alone," Lord Ronald said. "Why should we scorn the bliss of love because on the morrow the storm may break? But, sooth or false thy prophetic speech, my heart can never sink, even though I know that my blood is doomed to stain the Saxon spear. Even now, to meet me in yonder dell, my Mary's footsteps brush the dew. Farewell; I'll leave thee to thy sad reflections, while I'll forth to meet my own true love."
Rising to his feet, and whistling to the hounds to follow close at heel, he left the shelter of the lodge.
The night was soft and the sky calm; the moon, half-hid in silvery flakes, shone down on wood and dell, quivered on Katrine's distant lakes and crowned Benlodi's turrets.
Sad were May's prophetic dreams as, bending over the dying flame, he fed the watch-fire blaze.
Within an hour each hound returned. With melancholy howls they rushed within the lodge, and, trembling in affright, kept close to May with shivering limbs and stifled growls.
No Ronald came, though the midnight hour was at hand, and, as the last minute of the hour passed away, untouched, the minstrel harp of May began to sound.
Slowly and softly opened the door; sure it was never touched by mortal hands.

Lightly a footstep pressed the floor, and by the watch-fire's glimmering light, close by the side of May, appeared a huntress maid. All dripping wet were her robes of green, and her face and form were of beauty rare.
Bending over the dying gleam of the watch-fire, she rung the moisture from her hair. A maiden's gentle blush was on her cheek as, turning to May, she spoke.
"Oh, noble huntsman, hast thou seen in deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade a maiden fair clad in vest of green, and with her is a highland chief, his tartan is of the Glenartney plaid, and the bonnet clasp that he wears tells that he is of the race of great Macgillanore?"
All ghastly pale, dark-eyed May gazed into the face of the lady fair; a fiend from the nether shades could not have more appalled him.
"And who art thou?" he cried in accents wild and fierce. "And why beneath the moon's pale beams darrest thou roam, Glenfinlas' side?"
"Where Loch Katrine pours her tide, blue, dark and deep, round many an isle, my father's towers overhang the wave. I am the daughter of the bold Glengyle. This day amid the woodland grove, my sister and myself met the son of great Macgillanore. Aid me to seek the pair, whom this eve, loitering in the wood, I lost. Alone I dare not venture, for in the coppice drear there walks, they say, many a dismal ghost."
"Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there," the gloomy Seer replied, while his life-blood ran cold in every vein; "but ere I aid thee in thy search, my own sad vow I must keep, and raise to heaven the midnight prayer."
"No, no!" the maiden quickly said. "Oh, first, for pity's gentle sake, guide a lone wanderer on her way. I must cross the haunted muir and reach my father's tower ere day."
"Nay!" the Seer sternly cried, with gleaming eyes, "first three times tell each Ave bead and thrice a Pater-noster say, then kiss with me the holy charm, so that we can safely venture amid the wood."
Then anger sparkled in the eyes of the maiden clad in the vest of green, and rudely she made reply:
"Oh, shame to knighthood! Go and doff the bonnet from thy brow and hide thee in a monkly garb, which best befits thy sullen vow. Not so did thou answer when by high Dunlathmon's fire thy heart, by lively Morna's melting eye, was turned to love, and thy harp sung of more than mortal bliss."
Wide stared the dark eyes of May, and high upon his head the sable locks arose. Quick his color came and went, as rage and fear alternate swelled within his heart.
"And thou that knowest of that hour of bliss," he wildly cried, "where hid ye then? Rode ye on the curling smoke or on the bosom of the wind? I ken ye well, spirit of the glen, not thine a race of mortal blood, not thine old Glengyle line. Thy sire was the Monarch of the Mine; thy mother, the lady of the flood!"
And then rising to his feet, stern May repeated thrice St. Oran's rhyme, and thrice St. Fillian's powerful prayer, then turned him to the east and bending over the harp, he struck the chords with nervous hand, and to the wind his wildest wail-notes flung.
Loud and high on the air rung the magic strains, and wondrous was the change they wrought.
The Lady of the Glen waxed tall, till through the roof her figure went, then mingling with the storm, in one wild yell, away she flew.
Wild, mingling with the gale, unearthly bursts of laughter rung; then at the feet of the Seer, dropped from the clouds, there came the severed limbs of Glenartney's chieftain bold.
Decayed within the wood by the spirit fell, Lord Ronald died; what hope for mortal skill to contend with the fiends below!
Stern May, protected by the spells learned on Colombo's isle, escaped the doom. But from that fearful night never one of Glenartney's line dared to stay within the wood after dark, to tempt the power of the Lady of the Glen.

"Out of the Frying-pan," etc.
BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.
"It's a deuce of a fix," said Tom Carlisle, brushing at the parting of his back hair furiously. "I say, Duke, if you'd only give a fellow a lift out of a difficulty of this sort, I'd be eternally obliged, you know."
"My dear fellow, you are more explicit. What's the trouble? Are you dodging an editor, or a little disagreement consequent upon a flirtation with another masculine lady-love? I don't like to promise any interference blindfold."
"Confoundedly worse, I'm afraid. Trust me to close the optics of any of my creditors, and a jealous man can always be pacified in one way or another. I'm not so sure of a jealous woman, however, and a clever old lady like my fairy godmother is quite too sharp of vision to be easily bluffed off the track."
"Fairy godmothers and jealous females! I really must decline to mix in the affair then. Such characters are quite beyond the pale of my experience, and consequently any hope of bettering your condition by act of mine."
"Just hold off your decision, will you? If you fail me, Duke, I'll be hanged if I've a hope left. Do you know what brought me down here to this old barracks instead of the tolerable 'haunts of the shore' that are wont to know the light of my valuable presence? No! Well, it's owing to a short, and if not sweet, certainly expressive missive from that fairy godmother of mine—in other words, the great-aunt whose fortune has been the value of all my 'great expectations' since the value of my possessions earthly dawned upon my developing mind. She writes that sundry of my misdeeds have found their way to her highly respectable ears, that no roystering good-for-naught shall have the pleasure of spending her hard-earned dollars, but she has the weakness to entertain a lingering liking for me, and gives me a chance to redeem myself in her opinion. It's rather a hackneyed tale I'm telling, and my chance of reinstatement is to enter the bonds matrimonial with another far-off relative, a grand-niece, whose sterling good sense may counteract my flighty propensities—by way of quotation. Quite a desirable consummation the old lady has proposed, since I find the niece is my goddess of the waltz—the sweet Rosalind. You remember my telling you of her after the Le-grange ball?"
"A case of love at sight—yes, I remember."
"I didn't know until I came down here in obedience to my respected aunt's command, and the first person I met was Rosalind. Such a gentle, winning little creature! such candor of innocence! such—"
"Spare me the rhapsodies, Tom, and proceed."
"She was so overjoyed to see me, dear girl; said she felt as if we'd been acquainted all our lives from hearing aunt Hephsibah speak of me. Do you believe in affinities, Duke? She is my affinity if such a thing exists, thanks to the fates that have portioned her out to me."
"Pon my word, my dear fellow, I don't see that you stand in need of any assistance, according to your statement of the case."

"There you go, interrupting again just as I approach the point. Rosalind's all right, not a straw in the way there, but the truth of it is, I got myself into an entanglement up among the Catskills last summer. Not an out-and-out engagement, you understand, but we've been carrying on a sentimental correspondence ever since, and the mountain beauty took it as a serious affair, I believe. I was struck at the time, I admit; gave her my pearl ring and asked her to wear it for my sake; it's on her hand at this blessed day, I suppose, and she's here." The last uttered desperately. Duke gave a suppressed whistle as a light began to break upon him, but spoke no word.
"Aunt Hephsibah comes on within the week," Tom continued, with almost a groan. "Rosalind only waits for me to say the word, and Athalie is in this very house—you see how deucedly unpleasant she might make it for me, if she chances to be so disposed. She's one of your quiet sort that's sure to take such a thing to heart, and there's no telling what she might do—show my letters to Rosa, or denounce me to aunt Hepsy, or something of the kind, like as not. If you'd only ease her off a little, Duke—"
Duke remained coolly irresponsive to the hesitating insinuation, and Tom relieved himself by blurring out his meaning in plain words.
"I say, Athalie is deuced handsome in her way, why couldn't you fall in love with her—or pretend to; she's sure to like you; all women do—till I'm fairly established with Rosa? I'd never get out of your debt in that case."
"My dear fellow, I've no ambition to be a life-long creditor. I say, Tom, why don't you cut adrift from these 'expectations' and earn your own self-respect by working your own way? You're too sound at bottom to waste your manhood in the way you're doing. Any girl that's worth the having would willingly wait rather than see you toady around a whimsical relative for the riches to be left some day—fair godmother though she may be."
"Thanks. But—"
"Give me the froth from the wine that is sweet—"
"You may take the bitter draught if you are so disposed—I wouldn't advise it. You agreed, I believe."
"I did nothing of the sort, as you very well know; I certainly decline to take the part you so kindly propose. Manage the affair to suit yourself, and if you want my advice, it is to make a clean breast of it to your mountain beauty—Athalie, you called her. Ten to one, she'll be glad to drop you after the *expose*."
Duke sauntered out, whistling a bar from *La Favorita*, and forgot all about Tom and his troubles, half an hour afterward, in the picture which was just then engrossing him. They were recalled by the unceremonious entrance of the other as the lengthening shadows and fading light left him to drop his brush with a sigh more of regret than relief that his day's work was ended. Tom was jubilant, but withal a little crestfallen.
"You were right about Athalie, Duke. I took your advice, you see. She gave me back my ring and letters without a word, and I'm to return hers—no trouble of the sort I apprehended, thank fortune! By Jove, she's a trump of a girl! I'd actually regret her if it wasn't that Rosa suits me best. Do stop staring at your canvas and get yourself dressed. While idle, I'm going to introduce you to her this evening."
Duke was in a complacent frame of mind, so offered no very strenuous opposition. A couple of hours later the two stood under the dazzling effulgence of the parlor chandeliers, taking a quick survey of the groups dispersed through the rooms before joining any one.
"That's Athalie," whispered Tom, "and there's Rosalind at the piano."
"Singing Scotch ballads with McDonald, and smiling 'sweet innocence' up at him from her big blue eyes—I see. And that is Athalie? Present me if you like, Tom."
The artist, turning his glance from the pink-and-white, flossy-haired Rosalind to the proud, reserved girl, with her Madonna-like face, who had been designated as Athalie, mentally wondered at the infatuation which could make a comparison between the two. Tom brought them face to face, went through the requisite form of introduction almost mechanically, and with a fierce tug of jealousy, hurried away to break the absorption of the two at the piano.
He smiled at his own discomfort and was transported to the seventh heaven of blisses when his flossy-haired divinity welcomed him warmly and installed him in the place of her Scotch admirer, whom she dismissed with a nod and smile—a smile which was broadly returned, though Tom was too pre-occupied to see that.
Something occurred to delay aunt Hephsibah's appearance upon the scene. It was full three weeks later that her little active form, robed in crackling brocades, her sharp, wrinkled face, with two bright eyes like black diamonds set in it—the very ideal of a respectable fairy godmother—broke upon the smooth flow of events. And it was the very morning succeeding her advent that Tom was summoned to her presence, and a small tornado of wrath fell without warning full upon his devoted head.
He came looking the very picture of despairing wretchedness. He had been contemplating pistols for one or Prussic acid in a sherry-cobler overnight, without driving himself to a final choice. He had proposed in his most rapacious style—Tom was perfect from much experience—to the fair Rosalind, and—been refused.
"So sorry," murmured the pretty creature, in innocent surprise. "I've been engaged to Mr. McDonald, oh! for ages; ever since I came here first."
"In that case," said Tom, very stiffly, "it would be a kindness to have undecieved me sooner."
"Oh, dear me! how was I to know?" pouted Rosa. "I'm sure everybody said you were an awful flirt; and dear aunt Hepsy was so fond of you. I supposed of course you were going to marry Athalie."
So Tom came into the fairy godmother's presence, expecting her commiseration rather than the rage which awaited him.
He could scarcely credit his senses as her angry reproaches poured torrent-like upon him. He had disobeyed her—he had ruined his own prospects—he was an ungrateful puppy, who should never touch one penny of her possessions—never. He had chosen his own course in defiance of her expressed wishes—commands, indeed—and he might abide by it.
"I'm sure I did my best, aunt Hepsy," he said, deprecatingly. "It's not my fault your niece can't appreciate my virtues—how was I to prevent her rejecting me, since that was her choice?"
"I thought you rejected her—or what amounted to the same," snapped his aunt.
"Upon my honor—"
"There, never mind!" The fairy godmother cut him short and trotted across the floor to an open window. "Athalie!" she called, and Athalie appeared, a fair, cool picture framed against the outdoor landscape. "Now I want to know which of you two is to blame?"
"Not I, aunt Hepsy!"
"Now, sir, what have you to say?"
Tom, astounded, stammered, painfully:

"I thought it was Rosa—I give you my word I did."
"Oh, you thought!" ironically from the old aunt. "Rosa—that giddy child! A pretty pair you two would have been. There, go away. You know all you've got to expect from me now."
He made one desperate last effort to regain his lost ground.
"If you will only forgive me, Athalie," he appealed to the quiet figure in the open window. "I loved you first, you know, and I loved you all the time I do believe. If you only would wear my ring again—"
"Quite out of the question. Athalie has consented to wear my ring in future." Tom started at hearing Duke's voice, and glanced up to see the latter appear at Athalie's side and smile down upon her with the serene complacency of secure possession.
It was a rather bitter lesson, but Tom benefited by it, and it is a question yet if the fairy godmother does not relent and leave him cozier with the wife of his prosperous artist friend.

On the Prairie;
OR,
The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

IX.—"MERRY CHRISTMAS!"
THOUGH now the depth of winter, we suffered but little from the cold, having become "seasoned," as the phrase was. Christmas was near at hand, and some of the boys began to feel slightly homesick, as their memory pictured the generous feasts they were wont to tackle upon that anniversary. However, all this was inwardly; not one breathed the word aloud, for on setting out, we had all placed our hand and seal that the one who first broached the subject, *return*, before spring opened, was to be booked at will by the company, for half an hour. Then, as the great day drew near, we resolved upon having a holiday, and—a Christmas dinner!
The holiday would have been ours, whether or no, for on the twenty-second there began a heavy snow-storm, lasting nearly two days and nights. The weather was comparatively mild, and the snow did not drift much, but when the sun broke through the gray banks, it shone down upon a level depth of over five feet. At last we were "snowed up," but, somehow, it didn't seem half so bad as we had anticipated. The densely-packed snowbanks rendered our dugout warm and comfortable, and a very small quantity of fuel sufficed for our wants. All thoughts of trapping were abandoned until after "the holidays." Paths were shoveled to the river-bank and woodpile. Then the boys had a recess—all but poor me, for the lottery called my name as cook for the week.
I had promised the boys a grand treat in the shape of a plum-pudding for Christmas, but on inspection, by some mischance it was found that the raisins intended for that especial purpose had been lost upon the road, or else cabaged since by some sweet-toothed member of the party. This was indeed a damper, but Pete nodded reassuringly, and with Carson, he set out over the snow upon rackets, ax on shoulder. Returning, Baby Elephant bore two fat 'possums, while Pete had a mysterious bundle slung at his belt.
For "that occasion only," we all became little boys again, and on Christmas eve the dugout wall was ornamented with sundry sacks of various sizes, shapes and colors, for Santa Claus to fill. I only remember a few of the presents now. Carson was in high glee over the discovery of a small flask that the night before had given each a sip of good whisky. Extracting the cork, he elevated the bottle—then lowered it. He made up a face, ugly enough for a dozen. Pete had finished the whisky, then "doctored" the flask. Carson's mouthful consisted mainly of beaver-oil, vinegar and assafetida. Fred Dewey's was a pipe that he had often coveted, belonging to Gum, filled with the last morsel of "Yacht Club." He ignited it, puffing delightedly. Then something else puffed: result—an empty pipe, a smell of powder, and a blackened nose belonging to Fred.
Shafer had furnished the fresh meat for our grand dinner: a choice cut from a yearling blacktail, a brace of ptarmigans, a jack-rabbit, and half a dozen quail. As the weather was comparatively warm, I—exercising the traditional privilege of a cook—drove the boys from the house, to give my talents full sweep. As we called it, I intended "to jest more'n spread myself," and, though far from claiming to be a Soyer, I own to being proud of that "spread," as I contemplated it before calling the boys.
The "table" was a large buffalo-robe spread upon the floor, covered thickly with cedar-sprigs. Upon a wooden platter rested the *piece de resistance*—a saddle of venison, done to a turn. Around this stood roasted rabbit and stuffed ptarmigans; for we still had a few vegetables, having sparingly used them, more as an anti-scorbutic than as food, and the wild sage, if well dried, is a fair substitute for the cultivated species. The big "bake-oven" stood by the fire, holding a steaming quail-pie. Before Carson's dish was a roasted 'possum. A pile of "raised biscuit" were also there; but I don't care to say much about them, as I had "guessed" at the quantity of yeast powder. Over the fire hung two pots: one containing hominy, and the other—a secret. Then, with a few cucumber pickles, grated horse-radish, a jug of molasses, and plenty of coffee, there was a fair prospect for a good "tuck out."
Ringing the bell—with tooting loudly on a buffalo horn—I flung wide the door. How those boys did stare! It richly repaid me for all my trouble to see their open-mouthed astonishment. But this was of short duration. First, Carson made a dive for that 'possum, and the example thus set, each one quickly followed suit, and oh! what havoc they did make with the "courses." Fred Dewey—I watched him—actually had seven different kinds of food in his mouth at the same time. But the sight recalled my appetite, and I did not watch the boys very long. Pete was in the secret, and he soon rested on his oars, while the others ate as though providing against a famine. The quail pie finished even Carson—who had picked his 'possum clean to its tail. One after another the boys yawned, loosing here a button, there a string, then wiped their chops with sighs of evident satisfaction. Pete winked, I whipped a pot from the fire, undone a bag, and rolled out upon the wooden plate, a pudding, its brown sides fairly bursting with—plums!
What a cry broke from the lips of those poor boys! I dropped down and laughed until my sides ached over their ludicrous dismay. Stuffed to repletion, like the little boy in "Harpers," they had no room for pudding. Fred almost boo-hoo-ed, Carson said something that smelled of brimstone, and flung the stump of his 'possum's tail at my head. Gum and Will began capering around the table in a regular bear-dance, to make more room. Baby Elephant and Fred joined them, and by the time I had the "wine sauce"—flavored with whisky, sweetened with molasses—ready, they were ready for dessert.
We all bragged over that pudding, then and now, nor do I believe we will ever taste any

thing equal to it, unless we try another trip. No doubt imagination was helped by long abstinence from such articles, but it was good. The plums were wild grapes, furnished by Pete, who found them stowed away in the 'possum-tree, and brought them to me in the bundle alluded to. Being large and full of juice, though half candied, they answered splendidly.
"Business" dispatched, we set about enjoying ourselves in another line. Donning a set of light clothing, homemade, with fur outside, we plunged into the snow, running races, half the time shoulder-deep in snow, the other half heads down and heels up, snowballing, wrestling and hooting like so many confessed lunatics; crawling up hill, then rolling down, in a heap, men and dogs mixed together in lovely confusion. We played "I spy." One would hide his eyes in the dugout, the rest running out and diving into the snow, then burrowing away in different directions. The rule was that whenever the "seeker" saw the snow move, he must plunge head foremost and endeavor to catch the "hider," calling his name before coming to the surface. Sometimes he would—but oftener not catch his quarry. Here a head would pop up, covered with either a conical cap of wolf-skin, or a ball-shaped 'possum cap, then dash down again, as soon as bearings were taken. Of the lot, Pete was the only one who could keep a reasonably straight course. The others, more than likely, would find themselves completely turned around, when they came up for an observation.
Not until the sun had set did we cease this sport, then, weary and jaded, but feeling splendidly, we shed our wet clothing, donned dry ones, and after stowing away another supply of food, lighted pipes and stretched out around the fire. Then story-telling, singing, riddles and conundrums went the rounds. In the first, Shafer, of course, bore off the palm, while Dewey took the cup for singing. In one song especially he brought down the house: that was "Shamus O'Brien." Pete fairly cried, it so affected him, as he said:
"It 'minds me o' a pet I used to hev—a young black bar, an' how I lost him. When a yearlin' he got at the million patch, and et so many millions that he got the colic. He got so bad I hed to kill the pore cuss. Fred tramp 'minded me o' his bellowin' when the tramp took him the worst. An' Dewey, I'll give ye a dollar not to sing any more!"

Beat Time's Notes.
WHERE SOME THINGS COME FROM.
FROM Arabia we get the Arabian Nights and camphor gum, gum-arabic, gum-boils and all kinds of new gums.
FROM Ceylon we get all kinds of seals, and every thing exported from there has a ceylon it.
FROM Madeira wine-warriors get red noses.
FROM England we get, we get thunder and fifteen million dollars.
FROM the Ionian Islands we get I-ove-nians; they are all over the United States, and more, too.
FROM the Cannibal Islands we get—well, we get in a hurry.
FROM Central Africa we get Mr. Stanley, and would like to get Livingstone; and we also get lions there, and they sometimes get us.
FROM Asia we get the cholera, which is imported free of duty.
FROM Quito we get our mosquitoes, or quitos that are always in a muss.
To take a grease-spot out of a silk dress there are several ways. One way is to rub it out with sand-paper; another is to cut it out with a sharp pair of scissors; another way is to pull it out with a pair of tongs; or you can not notice it and have it dreadfully put out, or you can open the door and throw it out, or you can hit it with a club and knock it out.
They retail such bad liquor in a certain town out West that when a man wants a drink he has to hire two men to help him take it, notifying the coroner beforehand. They always ask for bottled apoplexy, and it is far better than a double-barreled shot-gun at any range.
I was always musical. When an infant, my squalls were set to regular notes and plenty of them. I began on the low notes and ended on the high—no, I believe I never ended on anything; I didn't know what a rest in music was then; it was not in my system.
Some men who are poor can make people believe they are rich. They are very good at figures, for they can make them lie—a thing often thought impossible.
I have always said that I would never mention that I am the most benevolent man in town, and I never will.
A MINISTERIAL friend of one who was formerly a carpenter is considered by everybody to be a great ex-planer.
It is a notorious fact that the ugliest babies grow up to be the handsomest men and women. I was a very homely child.
A MAN fell out of a window the other day and injured his neck so badly that the surgeons had to amputate his head.
WHEN some young men begin to think they know a little more than anybody else, they start to teaching school.
I HAVE often gone around the globe, and never thought much of the trip. It was one we had at school.
LOOK out for peddlers now. As they never get into my house, I always have to look out for them.
My little girl, when asked what time it was, said it was two inches after twelve o'clock.
THE man who reaches the summit of fame must be summit of a genius.
THERE is nothing new under the sun—but how about the neuralgia?
A STITCH in time saves—a good deal of subsequent jawing.
IT was the early worm that was caught by the bird.
MINT juleps are not coined this year at the Mint.
CHARGE of the Light Brigade—a gas company's bill.
IF one coat costs twenty dollars, what will half a coat cost?
PEOPLE who live in grandeur should be called the grandeurfy.
CAN a man who has good traits be called a traitor?